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ON THE CALIFORNIA HILLS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Across the broad, brown, peaceful hills,
With blossoms to our broncho's knees,
With singing birds by broken rills,
We rode through seas of drowsy bees.

The ardor of my speech grew still,
As we rode on that perfect day,
The brown birds piping from the hill,
The crickets had it their own way.

Then we fell weary with the day.
God's bars of gold across the west
Before us drew and made us stay
Beside a blessed rill and rest.

The camp-fire blazed, the bronchos grazed,
And belly-deep in bloom and grass
Would blink as by the bright flame dazed,
Or sniff to smell the panther pass.

The massive stars of gold stood out,
Bright camp-fires of poor weary souls,
Round heavenward, while all about
Couched peace, with white patrols.

DOT

A STORY OF THE FRESH AIR FUND.

I.

"It's a harum-scarum idea!" said Miss Reliance Roxbury, as she stood among the currant bushes at the garden fence. "A most ridiculous idea! I wonder what this gushing American people will do next?" and she gave an emphatic twitch to her purple calico sun bonnet.

There was a faint murmur of dissent from a little woman on the other side of the moss-grown fence.

"No, of course you don't agree with me," continued Miss Reliance, as the clusters of ruby and pearl flew into the six-quart pail at her feet. "You're so soft-hearted that your feelings are forever running off with your common sense. You never say a word about the national debt or the condition of our navy but let anybody start a subscription for sending blanket shawls to Brazil or putting up a monument to Methusaleh on the meeting house green, you'll give your last quarter. And now you're going to open your house to a lot of little ragamuffins from Boston.

The motherly brown eyes on the other side of the fence were full of tears, and a pleasant voice replied:

It makes my heart ache to think how the poor things suffer, crowded together in dirty streets, with never a breath of a clover field or a glass of milk. If you'd just read about it Reliance, you'd count it a blessed privilege to give them a bit of our sunshine."

"I'd as soon have a tribe of Zulus on the place," said Miss Reliance, "and if you'll take my advice you'll save yourself lots of trouble."

Mrs. Lane stopped her work for a moment and said:

"'Liakim and me are all alone now, Reliance. One by one we've laid Kate and Sarah and baby Lizzie over there in the old burying ground; and Jack is in Colorado, and Richard in Boston, and we get hungry sometimes for the sound of little feet. When I begin to read about the Fresh Air Fund it kind of sent a thrill all over me, and 'Liakim, he reads about it every day, and he wipes his glasses pretty often, too. Then when we heard the parson say that a party would come here if places could be found for them, 'Liakim spoke right off for four, and they'll be here next Tuesday, and I'm going to make it just as much like heaven as I can."

"You'll make yourself sick, that's what you'll do, Amanda Lane," replied Miss Reliance, "but if you want your garden overrun and your silver spoons stolen, and your house full of flies, and your nerves prostrated, why it's your own fault. I must go in and get my jelly started."

Miss Roxbury went up the path between the sunflowers and the hollyhocks, entered the large, sunny, airy kitchen, and set down the pail of currants for Hannah, the housemaid, to pick over. Then she hung the purple calico sun bonnet on the nail that for forty years had been devoted to that purpose, and went into the cool sitting-room to rest in her favorite chintz-covered rocker. Miss Reliance Roxbury had been for twenty years, with the exception of a gardener and a housemaid, the sole occupant of this ancient stone dwelling, that had stood for more than a century beneath its elms and maples, the pride of the village of——. She was a stern woman, who liked but few people, and had a horror of children, dogs and sentiment. The village boys, with a keen perception of her unsympathetic nature, called her "Old Ironsides."

She was proud of her birth and of the substantial property that had fallen to her at the death of her father, old Judge Roxbury.

She was a member of the Presbyterian church, and paid a high rental for the Roxbury pew, but with that considered that her pecuniary obligations to the cause were at an end. As a general thing she had not allowed convictions on the subject of giving to trouble her, but somehow, ever since Sunday, when the pastor stated the work of the Fresh Air Fund and made a fervent appeal for "these little ones that suffer," she had been subject to numerous vague but uncomfortable sensations. She rocked back and forth in the spacious sitting-room that no fly dared to invade, and noted the perfect order of the apartment. From the china shepardess on the mantel to the braided rugs at the doors, everything occupied the same position as in the days of Miss Roxbury's girlhood. There was torture in the thought of having the table cover pulled awry, of seeing the shells and prim old daguerreotypes disarranged on the whatnot, by having sand tracked in by small feet over the faded Brussels carpet and her pet verbena bed invaded by eager young fingers.

Surely religion and humanity could not demand such sacrifices of her!

"Please, ma'am, the currants is ready to be put over," said Hannah, at the door.

After seeking consolation from the Bible in vain, she put it in its accustomed place on the table, bounded on the north by the lamp, on the south by the match box, on the east by Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and on the west by a bunch of worsted roses under a glass case. She was restless, miserable, tormented. She endeavored to read the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," but even the thrilling story of the Russian campaign was lacking of interest, compared with her own inward conflict between duty and the cold selfishness of a lifetime.

She did not enjoy her dinner, although the butter beans were from her garden, and the black raspberries were the first of the season.

She could not take her accustomed afternoon nap, and for the first time in years her paper lay unopened. She even put it out of sight in the china closet. A wonderful new design in patchwork, known as the Rocky Mountain pattern could not fasten her attention.

She ordered the horse and rockaway and drove four miles after wild-cherry bark, for which she had no need, as her garret was already a great herbarium.

At last the dreary day came to its close, but was succeeded by an equally uncomfortable night. Amid frequent tossing and waking, Miss Roxbury dreamed of thin little hands stretched out to her in piteous appeal, and of a sad, wonderful voice that said with infinite reproach:

"Ye did it not."

The Rev. Joseph Alder was surprised soon after breakfast the next morning by the appearance of Miss Reliance Roxbury in the parsonage porch. She brought a basket of raspberries and said:

"I won't come in this time, thank you. I just wanted to say I'll take one—one of those children."

II.

"Mamma, is it mornin'?"

"No, Dot, go to sleep."

The child turned restlessly on the miserable straw pallet in a corner of the small, hot room. It was after midnight, and in summer, but there was a fire in the stove, for the woman at the pine table was ironing by the light of a glimmering tallow candle.

There was no breeze, but in at the one window came stifling, poisonous odors.

Pale and faint, the mother bent over her work, and smoothed the dark calico dress as carefully as if it were the finest muslin and lace. She had worked from early dawn until dark at her daily task, button holes at four cents a dozen. A cup of tea and crust of bread had been her sustenance. For Dot there was a bun and an orange.

The dress was finished and hung on the only chair in the room, with several other small articles. A hat of coarse white straw, with a blue ribbon twisted around it, a pair of bright stockings, a tiny handkerchief with a bit of color on the border. All were pitifully cheap in texture, but dear in patient toil and loving sacrifice.

Dot was going to the country for two long blissful weeks, and the mother could cover the expense of the meagre outfit by some extra deprivation during the child's absence. She turned toward the pallet. Dot's violet eyes had opened. Her golden curls were tangled by the tossing of the little head on the pillow. Her thin pinched features were flushed with feverish excitement.

"Mamma, is it mornin'?"

"No, darling."

The woman blew out the light, and threw herself on the pallet. Tiny fingers crept eagerly into her palm.

"Mamma, tell me more about it," pleaded Dot.

"Darling, it is years and years since mamma saw the country, but it was just as I've told you. Wide, clean streets with big trees and blue sky and flowers."

"Oh, oh!" murmured Dot. Does you s'pose they'll give me one f'ower, mamma? I found one on the stweet once—a little white f'ower. A lady dropped it."

"Yes, dear, you'll have all the flowers you want. Don't talk any more to-night."

The sky was already white with the dawn. The mother did not sleep. As the light of another day of misery crept into the room, she raised herself on one elbow and looked long at her child, restraining an impulse to snatch it to her heart, then softly rose, and, after bathing her face and hands and kneeling in prayer for endurance, took her work and sat down by the narrow window. A few hours later she stood amid the bustle of the depot, with Dot clinging to her dress. A crowd of wondering expectant children were being marshalled into line to take their places on the eastward bound train.

"Come," said the kind gentleman in charge of Dot.

Dot kissed her mother good-bye, and laughed even while the tears ran down her face, as she entered the ranks of the odd procession.

"Oh, sir," said the mother, as she turned away, "take care of my baby. I've nothing else in the world."

III.

There was an unusual stir in the village of ——. The railway station was thronged with people and surrounded by vehicles waiting the afternoon train.

The Rev. Joseph Alder and the ministers of sister churches conversed together on the platform.

"A glorious charity!" said the Baptist minister, raising his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"I expect that these poor children will be a great blessing to our people," said the Methodist minister, "in broadening the sympathies and warming the hearts of some who have been oblivious to all interests save their own.

"Yes," replied the Rev. Mr. Alder, "I have a practical illustration of that, not a stone throw from where we are standing."

The practical illustration consisted of the Roxbury rockaway drawn up amid the other conveyances, with Miss Reliance on the back seat, in a state of mind in which newly fledged philanthropy struggled with a terror of ragamuffins. She had come to the conclusion that her visit to the parsonage had been made during an attack of mental aberration; but the word of a Roxbury was as immovable as the historic granite on which Zephaniah Roxbury stepped from the Mayflower in 1620, and the last representative of the race would not falter now, although seized with dire apprehension whenever her eyes rested on the verbena bed.

But her impulse was to order the hired man to drive home as quickly as possible. She could appreciate the emotions of a Roman dame at the approach of the Vandals.

As the train stopped at the station the people crowded forward to welcome their guests. Miss Roxbury peered anxiously from the rockaway. It was not a very appalling sight. A group of pale little children, tired, dusty and bewildered. Many eyes overflowed as the train moved on and left these wistful faces pinched by want and misfortune, in the midst of the kindly villagers.

"Here, Miss Roxbury, is a wee lamb for you," said Mr. Alder.

Miss Roxbury had not observed his approach in the crowd, and gave a start of surprise as he stood before her. As she looked there was a curious sensation under the left side of her crape shawl, and her cold gray eyes grew misty.

The dreadful boy had changed into a tiny girl of six years, as frail as a snowdrop, whose coarse attire could not mar the loveliness of her dark violet eyes and hair of tangled sunbeams. The little creature stretched out her arms to Miss Roxbury, who reached forward and took her into the rockaway, the ancient springs of which creaked with astonishment.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Roxbury, feeling strangely awkward as they drove along.

"Dot," said the child. "You hasn't kissed me yet, has you?"

Miss Roxbury bent and kissed the child. The rockaway creaked louder than before. The touch of the child's mouth thrilled through the iron nerves of the woman with a sensation inexpressibly delightful.

Miss Roxbury had imagined her life to be a happy one. She had now discovered that she had mistaken selfish isolation for happiness. She was beginning to be happy for the first time in fifty years. Dot was too tired to be very talkative, but she leaned against Miss Roxbury with a look of quiet wonder and content in her eyes.

"Is I goin' to stay here?" she asked, as the Rockaway stopped at the Roxbury gate, and she surveyed the big stone house with woodbine clambering over its gray walls.

"Yes, child."

Dot's face grew luminous. A bath, a bountiful supper of bread and milk, and a walk in the garden kept her joyful until twilight, but with bedtime came the longing for her mother.

"I wants my mamma—my own mamma," she said.

Then Miss Roxbury gave full vent to the instinct that can never utterly be destroyed in a woman. Taking the child on her lap she caressed the white face and sunny curls in a restful, soothing way, and talked so cheerfully that the shadows fell from the violet eyes, and Dot, nestling close said: "I love you."

Miss Roxbury had not only begun to be happy, she had begun to live. With the coming of this sweet child heaven was changing the dull prose of her existence into celestial rhythm. Her cold, loveless nature in the presence of this child was already becoming Christ-like in its tender ministry.

Dot offered her evening prayer and was put in Miss Roxbury's own stately bed.

"Good-night, dear," said Miss Roxbury with a kiss.

"Dood-night," said Dot, burying her face in the great bunch of white roses she had taken to bed with her. "I feel 'sif I'd died and gone to heaven."

Miss Roxbury passed a wakeful night, but not a restless one. Her mind was filled with plans, and then it was such a pleasure to lie and listen to the soft breathing at her side, and occasionally to touch the little hand on the counterpane still holding the treasured roses.

The next day Dot nearly ran wild with delight. She revelled among the daisies in the deep, soft grass, and it was pitiful to see how small an object could charm her hungry mind. God's commonest gifts were unknown to her in their bounty and purity. Sunshine, sweet air, flowers and bird songs were enough to make her happy, and when she found the brook that danced across the meadow her delight was unbounded. After a day or two Miss Roxbury took the morning train down to Bradleyville to do some shopping. She was gone until night, and all the way home she thought of the glad voice that would welcome her, and her face grew so radiant with the new joy in her soul that when she alighted laden with parcels at the ——— station, old Deacon Bennet failed to recognize her until she had passed him.

"Wall, I declare," he said, "Reliance looks as if she'd diskivered a gold mine."

"Miss Roxbury reached home and soon had the gold mine in her arms.

After tea the parcels had to be opened. There were paper patterns, rolls of muslin, embroidery and blue flannel, a pair of child's slippers, dainty hose, bright ribbons and a large doll.

"Oh, oh, oh!" was all Dot could say, but her tune expressed more than the most extensive volume on philanthropy that ever was written. The village dressmaker was installed in the house for a week. The Rocky Mountain patchwork was consigned to the seclusion of the spare-room closet, and Miss Roxbury developed a taste in Mother Hubbard dresses and ruffled aprons that was truly marvelous.

In the meantime she wrote a letter to Dot's mother, to which Dot added the picture of the cat, which, although not absolutely true to nature, resembling in fact the plan for a house, was a great satisfaction to the young artist. There came no reply to this letter.

Dot's cheeks were getting rosy and her step buoyant.

"If it wasn't for my mamma," she said, "I wouldn't want to go back forever'n ever."

When Mr. Knox, the gentleman in charge of the party, called to see that Dot would be ready to return at the appointed time, Miss Roxbury exclaimed almost fiercely:

"I can't let her go. I need her. Why may I not keep her?"

"I do not believe her mother would part with her," said Mr. Knox.

Miss Roxbury was silent for a few moments, and looked out on the lawn where Dot was swinging in a hammock with the doll and cat.

"It will be a dull house without the child she said, "but I will bring her to the station."

When the morning of Dot's departure came Miss Roxbury arrayed herself in her second best black silk, put a few articles in a satchel, filled a small basket with fresh eggs, new biscuit, a pot of butter and a bottle of currant wine, and said to Hannah:

"I may be gone two or three days. Have the East chamber thoroughly aired and dusted before I get back, tell Hiram to take a peck of peas down to Mrs. Alder, don't forget to see if those canned strawberries have worked or not, and be sure the front door is kept bolted, and put that last brood of chickens in the outer coop, and keep a newspaper over the geranium slips in the afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And, Hannah, be very careful to keep out the flies, and tell Hiram to fix the well curb. He is so apt to forget things."

Dot was bathed in tears as she mounted to her place in the rockaway.

"Isn't I comin' back?" she said.

"I hope so, dear," replied Miss Roxbery, who appeared preoccupied and anxious and scarcely heard Dot's chatter on the way to the station.

"Why, Miss Roxbury," said Mr. Alder as he assisted her to the platform, "you are a veritable fairy god mother. This rosy, dainty maiden cannot be the same bit of humanity that I held in my arms a fortnight ago. You will miss her, will you not?"

"I shall go with her to Boston anyhow," said Miss Roxbury, "and I don't mean to come back alone, either. Mr. Alder, I hope God will forgive me for the empty house I've had all these years."

"An empty house means a lonely heart," he replied. "I'm glad you're going with the child."

That afternoon Miss Roxbury and Dot, attended by Mr. Knox, wended their way through a dark alley in one of the most squalid districts of the city, and climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs in a rear tenement.

The heat, the filth, the scenes of misery were indescribable. Miss Roxbury felt as if she were on the confines of the bottomless pit.

Dot darted down a long passage and disappeared in a room beyond. The friends followed and beheld her clasped tightly in the arms of a wan figure that lay on a pallet. The woman had fainted.

"Mamma, mamma, look at me!" pleaded Dot, and began to cry.

There was no water in the room, and Mr. Knox took a cracked pitcher from the shelf and went with Dot in search of some. Miss Roxbury knelt beside the woman, who was only about 30 years of age and had been very attractive as a young girl. There was a gleam of gold on her left hand. Her hair was sunny like Dot's, and her features delicately shaped. The letter that Miss Roxbury had written lay crumpled and tear-stained on the pillow.

While Miss Roxbury gazed the woman opened her eyes. They were beautiful eyes, but sad with want and a struggle against despair. She tried to sit up and moaned:

"My baby—please give me my baby!"

Just then Dot returned and carried the pitcher of water to her mother, who drank long and eagerly, then, holding out her arms to Dot, said feebly to Miss Roxbury:

"O, Madam, will you take care of my little girl? I think I am going to die."

"You're not a going to die—not a bit of it," said Miss Roxbury, pouring out some wine into a teacup, "but I'll take of both. There drink this and you'll feel better right away. How long since you have had anything to eat?"

"Day before yesterday," was the faint reply. "I had to stop work four days ago."

"Now, Mr. Knox," said Miss Roxbury, slipping her purse into his hand, "just step out to the nearest grocery and order some kindling wood and tea and sugar. I'll poach a nice fresh egg for this poor soul, and we'll see about getting her out of this place."

The woman's face brightened, but she said "I'm giving you much trouble."

"Trouble!" said Miss Roxbury. "I am all alone in the world, and I've a house with twenty-four rooms in it, and plenty to do with, and what I've been thinking of all these years I can't say. I have been a crusty, cold disagreeable old fossil, Mrs. Winthrop, and when I come down here and find folks starving to death and crowded like cattle, I wonder the good Lord's had any mercy on me. Don't you worry another mite. Here's the first stuff already."

Miss Roxbury rolled up her sleeves, put an apron over her silk skirt, and while Mr. Knox built a fire and brought water to heat, she bathed Mrs. Winthrop's face and hands and brushed out her hair.

"Thank God! why, I'm better already," said Mrs. Winthrop, with a rare smile.

"Of course you are, child," said Miss Roxbury. "We'll see what good food and mountain air will do for you yet."

A few days later found an occupant in the great east chamber of the Roxbury house.

Mrs. Winthrop sat in an easy chair before the open window inhaling the fragrance of the blossoming honeysuckle that nodded to her through the casement.

The morning sunlight fell across her bright hair and peaceful face.

Dot hung over her shoulder and threw daisies in her lap.

Down by the garden fence stood Miss Roxbury, talking with her neighbor, Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Winthrop smiled from her window, and there came an answering smile from the depths of the purple calico sunbonnet.

"So you're really goin' to keep 'em?" said Mrs. Lane.

"Yes, I've adopted both of 'em," replied Miss Roxbury, with a Te Deum in her voice, "and I've sent for half a dozen little girls to stay until cold weather.

"Well, it does beat all, said Mrs. Lane, wiping her eyes on the corner of her checked gingham apron. "I s'pose I needn't ask you now, Reliance, what you think of the Fresh Air Fund?"

"What do I think of it?" said Miss Roxbury, gravely. "I believe it's been the means of saving my soul. I should have gone into the next world holding my head pretty high, and considering myself better than most folks, and the Judge would have said, "Reliance Roxbury, I gave you a large house and a long bank account. What have you done with them?" Then how my empty rooms and Grandfather Roxbury's gold pieces would have stood up against me? And He would have said: 'Ye did it not unto Me. Depart from me,' and what answer could I have made Him? It is very true," she continued, as Dot came flitting down the path like a fairy, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

There is a jewel which no Indian mine,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poetry,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in naught—*content.*

JAPANESE CREMATIONS.—A Japanese cremation costs about $1. One shilling's worth of fuel is the average consumption required for each body. Granite supports are laid in pairs all along the earthen floor, and on these the coffin-chests are placed at 8 P. M., when the well dried faggots beneath are kindled. The fires are replenished from time to time, and at 6 A. M. the man in charge goes round the building, and from each hearth collects and stores in a separate urn the handful of ashes which, alone remains. Some wealthy families secure the services of Buddhist priests to watch all night besides these funeral pyres, but this is considered quite a work of supererogation. After the religious service in the house the further attendance of the priests is optional; but in many cases they return on the morrow to officiate at the interment of the ashes.—*China Mail.*

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

A boy of Luther, Mich., on his way to school met a bear, and hastily climbed a tree. He clung to his dinner pail, but as bruin sat at the foot of the tree patiently waiting for him to come down, he finally tossed the pail to him. The bear gulped down the contents of the pail, and then leisurely walked off.

A dog at Newcastle, Pa., was for twelve years the inseparable companion of Sidney Davis. Davis died recently, and after searching in vain far his master, the dog finally settled down in his arm-chair and awaited his coming. It required strategem to get him to take the smallest quantity of food, and he gradually pined away and died.

A Boston lady had a dog which, when it or its friend the cat wished to go into the kitchen, stood by the door and allowed the cat to jump upon its back. The cat could then reach one paw over the latch, and by pressing the other paw on the thumbpiece was able to open the door. The cat would then drop on the dog's back, and ride into the kitchen in triumph.

A Rochester robin has built its nest on the main frame of engine 340 of the New York Central Railroad, between the left forward driving spring hanger and a cross brace. The bird kept faithfully at work as circumstances permitted, and, having completed the nest, she now occupies it even when the engine is running.

George J. Romanes, in a recent lecture in Manchester, told of the benevolence of a cat. A hungry and miserable thin stranger cat came into his garden, and Tabby was observed carrying some of her own meal to the wanderer. Soon, seeing that the hungry cat was not yet satisfied, Tabby went and brought out a new supply of meat, which the stranger appeared to accept with every evidence of gratitude.

One of Georgia's most successful fruit raisers is J. F. Ellington of Palmetto. He has a novel and interesting way of keeping worms from his trees. All over his orchard are old gourds, boxes, and cans, placed on stumps, fences, and trees. These are the houses of worm destroyers, which are the little bluebirds, so numerous in Georgia. For five years he has been petting and raising these birds, and to-day has about 500. The bluebird eats nothing but bugs and worms, and can whip the English sparrow.

Two coon dogs belonging to Tim Buckner, a North Carolina negro, visited the court room during the trial of their master for inciting a riot, and sat by his side. After he was sent to jail they took up their station at the jail yard. During the entire term of his imprisonment these dogs did not stay away a night from their post. They relieved each other during the day to get food, but at night both were constantly at the door. The town-people have now built a kennel for the dogs near the jail door, within sight of Buckner's window.

A good duck story is told by the Detroit *Free Press.* While hunting above the Grand River dam a man wounded one of two duck which were mates. He sent his dogs into the river after it, as the injured duck could not swim very fast, the dog seemed likely to get it. Seeing this, the other duck, which had swam ahead, turned about and came near the dog, which immediately left the other and chased this one. The duck just kept out of reach of the dog, and led it down toward the dam, and just before reaching it dived under. The dog failed to get it, and, being so near the dam, he went over and came very near being drowned.

Miss Nannie Lee and her sister, aged 12 years, attempted to cross Buck Creek, Ky., on horseback. The horse's feet became entangled, and he threw the girls into the stream. Nannie had sunk twice when her sister caught her by the hair, and the horse swam to them. The younger sister caught him by the tail with one hand, and, holding Nannie with the other, they all reached the shore safely. The horse started home on a gallop, and neighed as if in great trouble; but, getting no one to notice him, started back at full speed to the girls. Finding them both alive and on their way home, he ran up to them, rubbed his head on their shoulders, and neighed as if he was very glad to see them alive.

A strong pressure is brought to bear on the Astor Library trustees, to make its treasures accessible to more readers, by opening it in the evening to those who cannot frequent it by day. It is understood that the trustees look with some favor on the plan of several of the largest foreign libraries—the setting apart of one lighted room to which shall be taken for evening reading such volumes as shall be previously ordered in writing. If this room can be kept open through the summer, when so many, busy all the rest of the year, have a little precious leisure, the boon will be all the more highly prized. The library, to which the Astors have given more than $1,000,000, now holds upwards of 201,000 volumes. It has daily from 200 to 250 readers, not a few of whom are women writing for newspapers, magazines, etc., and dependent on the help of this library for their living.

The Free Circulating Library, in Bond street, and that of the DeWitt Memorial Church, both more than once spoken of in these Letters, are making steady progress in reaching the poor who have a taste for reading, or in whom it may be formed. The latter, with 1,600 *good* books, is open two days in each week from 3 to 9 P. M., and its store is kept thoroughly in use by interested and profitable readers, of whom 58 per cent. are youth.

The Apprentices' Library also opens its doors very freely to working people, male and female. It has 65,000 volumes, and a free reading room with 5,000 reference books. The library is free to all females in any legitimate business, all male mechanics, and all clerks under eighteen years of age. It has more than 8,500 readers, and a circulation of 165,000 volumes.—*New York Letter.*

Judge Snell, at Washington, has fined a man $10 for "running down" a bicycle. He said that "in the eyes of the law a bicycle is a carriage, having in common with other carriages equal rights to the streets and highways, protected by the same laws, and their riders are amenable to the same road laws governing the drivers of other vehicles."

If in company you offer something for a jest, and nobody seconds you on your own laughter, you may condemn their taste, and appeal to better judgment; but, in the meantime, you make a very indifferent figure.—*Swift.*

TRICYCLES V. BICYCLES.

Men and youths who are athletic like to look well when engaged in any favorite pursuit; but no bicyclist yet ever succeeded in appearing otherwise than in a grotesque light to the spectator who has an eye for the ludicrous. His attitude, to begin with, is exceptionally unnatural, and on his face is generally painted a look of stereotyped agony only equalled by Prometheus Vinctus in the fable. However experienced a rider, his eyes are never divested of a haunting apprehension. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. He can seldom derive much pleasure from surrounding scenery, spreading landscapes, and distant vistas, since his whole soul appears to be devoted to the strain of preventing a close acquaintance with a dusty road or a bank of sharp flints.

An instrument so delicately constructed that an ugly stone, a hidden rut, or any temporary obstruction will throw it out of gear is necessarily a source of anxiety to its owner, who, if he does not break his own neck through a sudden fall, is often under the painful necessity of trundling his toy in ignominious fashion to the nearest blacksmith. It may be said, then, that the bicycle was tolerated rather than admired by the majority. Owners of horses would have liked an act of Parliament to put down these insidious wheels whirling along the roads in a ghostlike fashion, with a hush of swift mystery and a dim tinkling of almost inaudible bells, since all nervous cattle were found to shy at bicycles even more than at railway trains. Heads of families grew to believe that the medical theories connected with the hidden perils of the new toy were scarcely exaggerated; the hearts of kind-hearted mothers beat hard when the bicycle was brought out for a projected trip on lonely and unaccustomed roads; and susceptible young ladies secretly wish that any improvement could be made in the machine which caused their lovers to look so deplorably silly, not to speak of a costume only a little less ungraceful than that of a convict undergoing a long term of penal servitude.

This all-around difficulty was at once met by the newly fashioned tricycle, which seems fast eclipsing its predecessor in popularity. The action and attitude of riders in tricycles are unobjectionable in every possible respect: they appear to enjoy the exercise and this convenient method of taking it; they sit in a natural position, and it is quite possible to look to the right or to the left, to stop or pause to slacken or quicken speed, without risking fracture or dislocation. Besides, the selfishness of bicycle riding is altogether avoided. A woman can work a tricycle as well and as easily as a man, and invention has proceeded a step further in the production of tricycles for the use of married or engaged couples. It has not been definitely stated whether on these double tricycles that cause so much amusement the devision of labor is of necessity equal.

If not, the courteous spouse may be burdened with the chance of endless difficulty should he start on an expedition one day with a lady of delicate habit, or, still worse, uncertain temper. Partners on an expedition of such "unlimited liability" would require to be very evenly matched, lest any disinclination on one side or the other to work the vehicular treadmill might cause an awkward dilemma. Even horses, nervous or not, appear to have withdrawn their objection to the modern tricycle, and as yet few accidents have been recorded owing to the now very general use of them. And, strange to say, it is London that has become the stronghold of the tricycle, particularly now that the convenient wood pavement is so generally found. When the shades of evening close around, and the street traffic is comparatively lulled, out come the gliding tricycles in every direction, particularly on the Kensington road away to Hammersmith and Kew, or on the great parallel stretch from the Marble Arch to Shepherd's-bush.

A DOCTOR'S HINT TO WORKINGMEN.

The following suggestions for those who need a liberal supply of drink in hot weather, especially in the case of harvesters, day laborers, ball players, cricketers, etc., are worthy of attention:

"When you have heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar. The proportions are a quarter of a pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day, and your work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and an ounce or an ounce and a half of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before you drink it shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer, drink this cold; in winter, hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If you cannot boil it, you can take a little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, but this is not so good; always boil if you can. If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to half a pound or even three-quarters, and the water to three quarts if you are liable to be very thirsty. For quenching thirst few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar. One ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water and cooled is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cold tea has the same effect, but neither is so supporting as oatmeal.

STOP AND THINK.

Before writing poetry.

Before blaming your wife because the baby cries.

Before paying two prices at a store that never advertises.

Before associating with the American snobs who ape the English.

Before fancying you could run a newspaper better than the editor.

Before preferring a vulgar fellow in broadcloth to an honest fellow in overalls.

Before expecting your 20 year-old wife to cook as well as your 40 year-old mother.

Before spending so much for a wedding tour that you can't afford to buy a cradle.

Before taking it for granted that the reason old maids never marry is because they never got a chance.

And don't think you are phenomenally smart because you have found a typographical error in a newspaper.

From the Rochester Union.

PAT'S PHILOSOPHY.

When the winter is cold
I keep meself warm;
When summer is hot
I keep meself cool;
It's mebbe I'm bold,
And it's mebbe I'm not;
But a gossoon's a fool
When he's got into harm!
Ses my ould Uncle Dan—
A wise one and stiddy—
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the soldier strats by
With his sword at his side,
And the rattle, rattle drums
Beat the roll and the call,
He may go or may fly—
I stay here till death comes,
For I mind me of all
That in battle have died;
I am like Uncle Dan,
For he said—troth an' did he—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the sailor hoists sail,
And stands out on the deep,
Leaving sweetheart or wife
And the children behind,
He tempts the wild gale,
And he trifles with life,
And he sinks, d'ye mind,
Where the mermaidens sleep!
"Pat," sez ould uncle Dan,
"Stay at home wid yer Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

Let the scholar sit up,
And write late an' long,
To ensure him a name!
He may sit up for me;
Give me but a full cup,
He may have all his fame;
For it's stuff, d'ye see,
An' not worth an ould song!
Let us live, uncle Dan;
Let us live and love Biddy,
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?

WAGGING THE EARS.

That humanity possesses within the compass of its frame a considerable number of examples of useless parts which, G. H. Lewes remarked, have a reference "to a former state of things," is readily proved. If, for instance, we make a superficial examination of the muscular surroundings of the human ear, we may discover certain plain examples of the rudimentary organs to which the modern anatomist attaches a high importance as clews and guides to the past history of the race that exhibits them. The power to move our ears is, of course, non-existent in the vast majority of mankind. Now and then we meet with an individual who can fulfill one of Lord Dundreary's tests of superiority in that he "can wag his right ear," and can move his left ear also. At will such individuals can produce feeble though distinct movements of the ear. This power depends upon an unusual development of the muscles which, in ordinary individuals exist in a rudimentary state. The ability to move the ear is held to be a relic of a power once well developed in the ancestry from which the human race has sprung. Darwin tells us that he saw "one man who could draw the whole ear forward; other men," he continues, "can draw it upward;" another "could draw it backward; and," adds Mr. Darwin, "from what one of these persons told me, it is probable that most of us, by often touching our ears, and thus directing our attention toward them, could recover some power of movement by repeated trials. Three little muscles named in anatomy the attolens, attrahens and retrahens aurem, respectively (or the "raiser," "forward-driver," and "back-drawer" of the ear), are found associated with the outer ear in man. They are so small as to be useless for any purpose of ear-movement, as we have seen; but that their former and ancestral function was that of moving the ears admits of no question. In lower animals we find corresponding muscles well developed; while we may also discover additional muscles to be represented in the belongings of the ears of many quadrupeds. In the ears of a horse there are such additional muscles; and we can readily conceive that the wonderful pliability and range of movement of the outer ear in this and other animals would demand an increased muscular supply over that found in higher quadruped life, where ear movement becomes of less importance than in lower existence. Thus we discover that in such apes as the chimpanzee and orang, whose ears closely resemble those of man in form, the ear-muscles are well nigh as feebly developed as in the human subject, and the ears of these animals do not appear to be capable of any greater range of movement than is exhibited by man.

MRS GAINES'S SUIT.—The recent decision which adds nearly $2,000,000 to the already heavy damages won by Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines from the city of New Orleans, marks another step in one of the most remarkable cases in our judicial annals. The suit was brought more than forty years ago to recover property valued at $30,000,000, and has been persistently pushed, point by point, ever since. It first hinged upon the legitimacy of the plaintiff, her father, a rich Irish merchant of New Orleans, having secretly married a Creole of great beauty, but who was at the time the reputed wife of a French planter. Moreover, the only child of this union, Myra Clark, grew up and was educated as Miss Davis. In 1813 the father died, asserting the legitimacy of his daughter, and bequeathing her his large real estate in New Orleans in a will which was never found. From 1837 to 1856 the question of legitimacy and the existence of the alleged will was tried in the courts and finally affirmed by the Supreme Court. Suits were then instituted for the recovery of the property, which, by re-conveyance, had passed into many hands. In 1867 a general action in equity covering the cases was decided in the plaintiff's favor, and in 1874 Mrs. Gaines recovered possession of disputed property to the value of several millions. She now sues to recover not only the actual revenue accruing from the property during the years since her father's death, but the revenue which it would have brought had it not been left unimproved pending the result of the suits. Mrs. Gaines is now over 78 years of age, and having long since passed the stage when desire for justice animated her, seems only actuated by a love of litigation.—*Interior.*

A man once owned a parrot which he could never teach to say anything except the one sentence: "There is no doubt about it." Disappointed in the bird he took her to a fair where he tried to sell her for ten dollars. Attracted by her gay plumage a gentleman stopped before the cage and said, "Poll, are you worth that much?" "There is no doubt about it!" was the brisk reply. A few weeks later, after he had found out how he was cheated, the owner happened to be standing before the cage and said to himself, half aloud, "What a fool I was to give ten dollars for that bird!" "There is no doubt about it!" piped Poll, and this time she was right.

A French author calls modesty the shadow of a noble mind. St Bernard styles it the jewel of manners.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOOP-SKIRT AT THE ENGLISH COURT.

Under the Stuarts, the whalebone erections which had been meant to be so classical were softened into an improved view of classicism, and fashionable portraits showed our fair ancestresses in garments which were nothing if not natural—unclasp, ungirt and with locks unconfined. If the Elizabethan costume at its height had been a mere coffin in its elaborate denial of every line of the human figure, Stuart women strove hard to make amends.

The long close vest of dark cloth which the Merry Monarch put on "solemnly" one day for a caprice—and soon took off again—was the parent of the long, square-cut coats which we chiefly connect with the last century, but which came into common use under William III. The negligé style of hair, that looked picturesque enough on a pretty woman at Charles' court, led to a coarse copy in wigs. With the change in public feeling, and some improvement in morals, dress was greatly altered, and was rather more decent. Puritan influence had, perhaps, helped to crush the excessive candor of vice, but bright colors and rich materials were not to be banished. "Dost thou think that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" said Sir Toby Belch.

Tight lacing, which had quite gone out for a little while during the vogue of short waists—seen in Hollar's prints and Vandyke's portraits—came in again, as it had come long ago with the first William by way of France. Mlle. Pantine, mistress of Marshal Saxe, has the credit of setting the pleasing example. And at the time when Annie came to the throne fashionable dress was about as clumsy and uninteresting in form and fabric as it has ever been in this world. It was lumpish, like Caliban; it had lost the quaintness of Dutch manners, and it possessed none of the piquancy of the French. But it was not bad, since it became afterward so much worse. It did not yet include the Hogarth hoop, caught up at the sides like a half-moon—nor the filthy contents of Georgian "heads"—nor the scandalous exposure of the bust that came a little later. It was only heavy, by reason of "furbelows," clumsy frills and ill-fitting stiff bodices.—*Merry England.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE CEREALS.—Wheat ranks by origin as a degenerate and degraded lily. Such in brief is the proposition which this paper sets out to prove, and which the whole course of evolutionary botany tends every day more and more fully to confirm. By thus from the very outset placing clearly before our eyes the goal of our argument, we shall be able the better to understand as we go whither each item of the culmative evidence is really tending. We must endeavor to start with the simplest forms of the great group of plants to which the cereals and the other grasses belong, and we must try to see by what steps the primitive type gave birth, first to the brilliantly colored lilies, next to the degraded rushes and sedges, and then to the still more degenerated grasses, from one or other of whose richer grain man has finally developed his wheat, his rice, his millet, and his barley. We shall thus trace throughout the whole pedigree of wheat from the time when its ancestors first diverged from the common stock of the lilies and the water-plantains, to the time when savage man found it growing wild among the untilled plains of pre historic Asia, and took it under his special protection in the little garden-plots around his wattled hut, whence it has gradually altered under his constant selection into the golden grain that now covers half the lowland tilth of of Europe and America. There is no page in botanical history more full of genuine romance than this, and there is no page in which the evidence is clearly or more convincing for those who will take the easy trouble to read it at aright. —*Popular Science Monthly*

THE ARTFUL ORIENTAL RACES.—Though our annals of artfulness can boast of mourning households where coffins have incased stolen plate instead of corpses, and of particular race-horses painted to resemble certain others and sent on long journeys in order that intending backers might be misled, we cannot, as a nation, dispute the palm of trickery, mental or manipulative, with some of the Oriental races, whose merit undoubtedly raises them to that bad eminence. Possibly in the special branch or horse-stealing the South American Indian might receive an equal certificate of proficiency with the Arab; but as bold and expert general thieves the Hindus and Chinese stand unrivaled. A Chinaman has been known to seize a man's finger and cut it clean off in the midst of a crowd to obtain possession of a ring and escape detection. This immunity is due, perhaps, to the great resemblance which the faces of a Chinese mob bear to one another in European eyes, rendering individuals absolutely indistinguishable at first, as well as to an ingenious artifice for disguising a broad-bladed knife in the semblance of a closed fan such as all Chinese carry. Hindus will swim or float cautiously along a river at dusk with an old basket or empty gourd over the head, whirling and twirling lazily with every eddy, and braving the crocodiles, to gain an entree to the bungalow they desire to plunder, under the very nose of the proprietor.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The British House of Lords has rejected after all the bill for the permission of a man's marriage with the sister of his deceased wife. It was expected to pass on its third reading because it had passed successfully on its first and second readings. But owing to the accidental absence of some of its supporters, and especially to the efforts of the bishops of the Established church, it was defeated. It will be carried next year undoubtedly and the chief result of its defeat at this time is likely to be an increase of the already strong public disgust that the bishops, merely because they are bishops, should be allowed in the House of Lords. This disgust will help on considerably the disestablishment of the Established church. The most unaccountable feature of the matter is that any objection should be raised to such a marriage. Why is not the marriage of a woman with her dead husband's brother, against which we never have seen or heard a word of complaint, just as dangerous and wrong?—*Congregationalist.*

Have courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them. Speak kindly to all—to menials and dependents. Never slight nor neglect the humblest individual. Remember that he is of as much importance to himself as you are to yourself, or as is the greatest man in the world. You have no right to hurt the feelings of any person.

"The practice of flirting (I'm told in asserting)
Though hard to define without getting complex,
Is a strange, indefensible, incomprehensible
Craving to fascinate opposite sex!
But from Love it's entirely distinct and apart,
For Flirting is head-work, but Love's from the heart,
And Lovemaking's *Nature*, but Flirting is *Art!*

"Where is the Ohio democracy on the liquor question?" inquired a fresh interviewer. "Where are cats on the cream question?" was the significant reply.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

Republican Ticket.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM A. LIVSEY,
Of Allegheny County

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
JEROME B. NILES,
Of Tioga County.

THE PLATFORM.

The Republican party of Pennsylvania makes declaration of its principles as follows:

First—We unqualifiedly approve and demand the continuance of that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of National independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor, and we denounce all attempts to reduce the rate of the tariff below the level which will accomplish these objects.

Second—That any surplus in the public treasury arising from a redundant revenue should, after paying the National debt as fast as its condition will permit, be distributed from time to time to the several States upon the basis of population to relieve them from the burdens of local taxation and provide means for the education of their people.

Third—That as the depreciated trade dollar is largely in the hands of our laboring people and is a disturbing element in the business of the country, we declare it to be the duty of Congress to adopt such legislation as will insure its full redemption and conversion into other coin for circulation.

Fourth—That we protest against the practice of foreign Governments in aiding or enforcing the emigration of their pauper and criminal classes to this country, and we call upon the General Government to take proper steps to prevent the same.

Fifth—The Republicans of Pennsylvania most heartily indorse the wise and conservative administration of President Arthur, and believe that his administrative policy has, under the circumstances, done much to secure the present happy and prosperous condition of the country, and thus we recognize in him a rich and worthy successor to our lamented martyr President, James A. Garfield.

Sixth—We heartily approve of the provision made by the Republicans in Congress for giving the patriot soldiers of the late war a preference according to qualifications for positions under the Government. The soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphans, have a first claim on the care, protection and gratitude of the American people.

Seventh—We commend every effort to inaugurate thorough and correct civil service reform in all the departments of the National and State Administrations.

Eighth—We require that all offices bestowed within the party shall be upon the sole basis of fitness, that competent and faithful officers shall not be removed except for cause, and that the ascertained popular will shall be faithfully carried out by those holding office by the favor of the party.

Ninth—That the Republican party is unequivocally committed to an economical administration of the affairs of the Commonwealth to the abolition of all taxes not required for necessities of the State Government; that all laws to prevent fraud and waste should be rigidly enforced and faithful care given to the multifarious interests intrusted to the executive departments of the Government.

Tenth—That the Republican party of Pennsylvania hereby pledges itself to secure the passage of such legislation as will tend to the reform of the government of the State and municipalities, and more particularly pledges itself to provide for cities such reform charters as will correct existing abuses and promote good and economical government.

Eleventh—That the Democratic party in the Legislature of Pennsylvania is responsible for retarding the legitimate and necessary business of the Legislature, causing the calling of an extra session at an expense of more than $200,000, and preventing a fair and just apportionment of the State into Congressional, legislative and judicial districts, and we hereby heartily commend the action of the Republican Senate on these measures.

Whereas, It is the sense of the convention that the freest and fullest expression of Republican sentiment should be encouraged and sought in the primary meetings which are the foundation of party action and source of popular rule, and that this object will be promoted by leaving the primaries for the election of delegates to State Conventions throughout the State as far as practicable on same convenient day not remote from the convention, therefore,

Resolved, That the State Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of fixing a uniform day through out the State for the holding of primaries for the election of delegates to the State Conventions

—The ticket nominated at Harrisburg, yesterday, appears to meet with the approval of all Republicans. The convention was harmonious, and the platform has no weak plank. The Republicans of Pennsylvania, united as they now are, will carry the fall elections easily.

—The market for trade dollars is becoming heavier on Third street, Philadelphia, though little is doing. The brokers, finding they cannot sell them, now give but 88@89 cents for them, and in rare cases when buyers appear are willing to sell at 92 cents. Heretofore they had given 90 and sold at 95 cents. In New York yesterday 88 cents was the best offer for them.

—The following General Order has just issued from the Post Office department: "Complaint has been made to this department that second-class matter (newspapers and periodicals sent to regular subscribers) is not in all cases promptly forwarded to the addresses. Such matter is of at least equal importance with the letter mail, and it should be treated with equal care by letter clerks. If it is necessary to withdraw second-class matter from its wrapper in order to ascertain its destination, it may be done, but this will not be allowed for any other purpose. Second-class mixes will be treated as prescribed by the regulations and orders. If postal clerks find any second-class matter improperly directed, that is to say, addressed to the wrong post office, they should report the fact on the trip reports, so that the superintendent may notify the publisher, but should not change the address or course of the package. The Postmaster-General desires that the practice of reading newspapers and periodicals passing through the mails be discontinued wherever it exists."

—Those who were disposed to find fault with the Burgess and Council for having the provisions of the ordinance prohibiting the shooting of pistols and use of fireworks enforced on the Fourth of July, will find the following pertinent comments from the *North American*, in its issue after the morning of Independence day, worthy of their consideration and reflection:—"If yesterday's celebration had not the noisy effusiveness by which the observance of the Fourth was characterized in former years, it was such as to leave no bitter taste in the mouth this morning. Every one must remember the long list of casualties which used to be a prominent and painful feature of the papers published the day after the Fourth had been kept in the old-fashioned style. In the papers to-day that list will be conspicuous by its absence. No accidents distinctly traceable to the occasion are reported. No one was killed, no one was hurt, no one's house was burned down, and yet who can doubt that the boys enjoyed themselves just as much as in the years when fireworks and pistols and bonfires were the order of the day? The public has Mayor King to thank for this, and it thanks him heartily."

—Ex-Senator George E. Pugh, Dem., of Ohio, is of the opinion that General Arthur is "the best President the country has had since the war."

THE PEOPLE'S GOOD WORK.

All in all, the State Convention has made the most of its opportunity. It has fortunately and skillfully avoided its perils, and has happily struck the best results among its several possibilities. It has nominated a strong ticket after a free contest on a progressive platform, and has shown that a Republican Convention finds its best leadership in the general sense and spirit of the Republican masses.

The ticket is as judicious and strong as any that could be named. There are reasons for believing it the most fortunate combination that could be made. Timely warnings, wise counsels and the general good sense of the delegates saved the Convention from mistakes that threatened danger. In the selection of Wm. A. Livsey for Treasurer, the party not only proclaims civil service promotion in the platform, but illustrates it in practice. He is the present cashier of the Treasury and held the same place under Butler, and is admirably fitted for the position of chief. He is fresh, clean, irreproachable, free from political complications and every way calculated to inspire confidence and give strength.

Jerome B. Niles is the Republican leader in the House, an able, upright, stainless man, who thinks and acts for himself and whose undeviating Republicanism has been brightened by independent judgment. He is just the candidate to secure the cordial union of all elements of the party and no better selection could have been made.

It is no hackneyed platform upon which these well-chosen candidates are placed. It drops the dead past and deals in clear, positive tones with the living present and future. It summons the State and the country to the forum of discussion and action on new and immediate questions. The plank on protection is a compact and comprehensive statement of the broad policy. The proposition for the distribution of the surplus revenue among the states is sanctioned and throws into the arena of public contention a new and great question. Civil service reform of a practical character, is sustained in direct and emphatic terms. Relief from the evils connected with the trade dollar, opposition to assisted emigration, a pledge of municipal reform and economical government and endorsement of the position of the Republicans in the Legislature are strongly placed.

Not least among the good things of the Convention was its declaration for the policy of uniform primaries, with instructions to the State Committee looking to practical action. This is the inauguration of a movement which will vitalize and preserve popular rule. Altogether, the Convention did a good day's work, which will cement the new harmony and unity of the party, and a campaign fought with the same judgment and spirit will be crowned with victory.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

The action of the Harrisburg Convention yesterday assures a Republican victory in Pennsylvania this fall. Of this fact there is happily no doubt. It was the first Republican convention which has met in the State for several years without a prearranged plan of action laid out for it to follow by the bosses. There was no "slate," and no attempt to crack the boss whip over the delegates. This is the first fruit of the Independent revolt of last year, and, while it may be too soon to claim that the party has been freed entirely from machine control, it is not too soon to record that a first and important step toward freedom has been taken. It is natural for sceptical observers to say that the grip of the machine was relaxed this year because the nominations were comparatively unimportant and the machine managers could afford to let the party have its own way about them. Such observers may also declare that while the outward signs of machine management were suppressed, the old power was still in force beneath the surface and controlled the nominations as surely as ever.

Admitting that there may be some ground for criticism of this sort, it still remains true that concessions were made which would not have been granted but for the defeat of last year. The new rules for the election of delegates have been put in force and are now established as the law of the law party. They give all elements of the party equal rights in the primaries, and if the independent members decline to make the most of their rights they will have nobody but themselves to blame. There were few Independents in yesterday's Convention, chiefly because they did not feel sufficient interest in the coming contest to make themselves felt in the primaries. Next year, when there will be issues of vastly more importance to be decided, the interest of all elements will be much keener, and the adequacy of the new rules for meeting the demands upon them in the direction of untrammelled freedom of party action can then be tested. It is said that the machine managers will be found then to have as much power as ever they had. We doubt this; because the same reasons which will prompt the machine to attempt the re-establishment of its control will also prompt the Independents to use the new means which are now placed in their hands for counteracting that control.

The ticket nominated yesterday is the best evidence of advance toward permanent harmony. The nominee for Treasurer, Mr. Livsey, is a Cameron Republican, who is well spoken of by the Independents. He has had considerable experience as Cashier of the State Treasury. Mr. Niles, the nominee for Auditor General, is an Independent who took a prominent part in the revolt against the machine which resulted in sending Senator Mitchell to the Senate. This is a recognition of both wings of the party, and is all the more significant because of the small number of Independents in the convention. The two names will command the support of the entire party, and the mere act of working together this year will increase the certainty of harmonious action next year. The platform is strong and clear and adds to the strength of the ticket. Its leading feature is, of course, the tariff, and upon that subject the utterance has the straightforward, thoroughgoing protection ring which has always characterized Pennsylvania Republican platforms.—*New York Tribune.*

—Commissioner Evans is after the manufacturers of bogus "patent medicines" with a sharp stick. His attention having been called to the advertisement of a Chicago concern which contain what purports to be a letter from Commissioner Raum certifying without qualification that the "Rock and Rye," manufactured by them is a "medicinal preparation," Commissioner Evans examined the records of the Internal Revenue Bureau and found that the letter of his predecessor had been grossly garbled.

He thereupon addressed a letter to Collector Harvey at Chicago in which he said: "I regard the publication of this garbled letter as an imposition on this office and a fraud on the public. If any doubt existed in this office as to the true character of the compound put up and sold by this company and labelled Tolu Rock and Rye, such doubt is entirely removed by their advertisement that their sales of it in one year were 5,000,000 bottles. So large sales of a medicinal preparation would certainly be anomalous. If the company purchased and used proprietary stamps upon these bottles, it is a matter which your office records will show. . . You are hereby instructed to make demand upon this company for payment of special taxes as rectifiers and liquor dealers to date from the 1st inst., and you will require all persons in your district who sell that compound to pay special tax as liquor dealers."

—In illustration of President Garfield's ability as a teacher, to draw out the latent faculties of his pupils, Professor Henry, of Marion, O., who was one of the pupils at Hiram under Garfield's presidency, relates the following incident: "There was a student who was a good sort of a fellow but he had the name of being terribly dull and stupid. One night Garfield happened to be passing along the outside of the college building when he chanced to notice a light burning in a room in the basement. The hour was late, and Garfield said to himself: 'That boy in there must be a student from the country. I will go in and see him.' He did so, and found the student above mentioned rubbing away as hard as he could preparing his lessons for the morrow. He knew of the boy's thick-headedness, and then and there gave him some good advice. Afterward, when this young man became a teacher, the advice that Garfield gave him served its purpose. He told him to read up in the subject he had to recite upon and then go to the class and recite what he had read, but not to lecture. Ever after this advice of Garfield's was called 'putting a spark of fire into a lump of clay.' The spark kindled, and to-day that same young man is one of the deepest thinkers and one of the best orators in this part of the country."

ASSISTED PAUPER IMMIGRATION.—Special Agent Howell, now at Plattsburg, N. Y., has called the attention of the United States Treasury Department to the large number of immigrants arriving at Quebec and Montreal, and says that many of them are almost destitute, having neither money nor friends, and are too feeble by reason of age or infirmity to support themselves. He says that most of this class are paupers, who have been assisted in procuring passage and ticketed to points in the western parts of the United States. The special agent is informed that twenty-eight persons who had left Ireland only twenty days before were found helpless and starving in the streets of Buffalo, N. Y., and were committed to the Erie county almshouse on the 26th of June. All of these people come to the United States via Canada. The Canadian steamers engaged in importing cattle into Great Britain make very low rates for this class of immigrants from Ireland to Canada. He also says also that a large number of "State aided" immigrants are to leave Fayrus, county of Limerick, Ireland, on the Allen steamer, and are to be sent at once from Canada into the United States. It is stated at the Treasury Department that there is no law to prevent pauper immigration through the Canadian territory.

—Ex-Vice President Colfax again rises to deny the late Oakes Ames' statement regarding his connection with the Credit Mobilier scandal, and says the fact that Mr. Ames' estate has been settled and that, as none of the stock he said he was holding for Messrs. Colfax, Kelley and Garfield was found among the assets, "it is as evident as an axiomatic truth that there was no such stock, and that, however confused his memory might have been by the great excitement of the period, the three initial checks, so different from all the rest, represented abandoned stock on which he had himself collected the dividends."

—The new license law of Illinois, which enormously increases the rate of license to sell liquor, would seem to operate favorably. By this increase in the rate it will reduce the number of licensed houses probably three-fourths, and will give to the reduced number a monopoly in liquor retailing. Hence, while it must greatly increase the profits of the business it will yield to the treasury so large a revenue as to cause a marked reduction in the rate of general taxation.

—Miss Van Lew, of Richmond, Va., whose services during the war in behalf of the Union cause and in aid of the Union soldiers in Libby prison gave her some prominence, has been offered a first class clerkship in the Post Office Department by Postmaster-General Gresham on the recommendation of General Grant. Miss Van Lew was postmaster at Richmond during President Grant's administration.

NEWS ITEMS.

—The Pope is suffering from rheumatism.

—Corliss, the engine man, is building engines for the first Chinese cotton mill.

—Statistics show that the growth of timber in Kansas is yearly increasing beyond the consumption.

—General Crook is about six feet tall, weighs about 175 pounds, and his hair, somewhat sandy, is tinged with gray.

—There is a natural bridge in Arizona which, it is said, far surpasses in size the well-known natural bridge in Virginia.

—Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has been offered as high as $50 a column for all he may write of his political reminiscenses.

—The law has gone into force in New Jersey prohibiting the sale of tobacco in every form to boys under sixteen years of age.

—Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, "the American Baroness Burdett-Coutts," is building a half-million-dollar residence in Newport.

—To counteract the effect of the trade dollar scare, a merchant in Kennet Square takes trade dollars at a premium of three cents above a dollar.

—In the little village of Harrison, Mich., there is a drug store on the European plan—one small case of patent medicines and four barrels of whisky.

—Russian men are, as a rule, handsomer than Russian women. The Russian woman has loud ways and a loud, unpleasvoice. She almost invariably smokes.

—Two Chicago girls tested their ability to hold their breath. One could not begin breathing again when she wished to, and was with difficulty resuscitated.

—Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., who is 84 years old, has no recollection of anything occurring in the past 50 years, but as to events in 1830 and before he is perfectly clear.

—Henry D. Lloyd will describe in the next number of the *North American Review* the methods employed by speculators in grain, and will show how they operate to make bread dear.

—John G. Whittier, the poet, never drank a gluss of grog, never smoked a cigar, never chewed tobacco, and never indulged in profanity. Notwithstanding all this, he is over seventy years of age.

—Senator Edmunds advises every tourist to buy a guide book, and then avoid the beaten paths it recommends. It leads inevitably to where fashion has gone, and if you want real rest and recreation you must not go there.

—Jane Grey Swisshelm is out with fresh condemnation of the corset: "Man, in Christian civilization," she says, "sees no beauty in the female form unless there is a notch all around it, like that with which a woodman deadens a tree. The deeper the notch the better is he pleased, for it makes a convenient rest for his arm. In making this notch for his admiration and convenience a woman as surely, if not as shortly, takes her own life as the woodman takes that of the tree."

—Every evening for two months there has been a curious procession of empty hacks on Walnut street in St. Louis, down by the Southern hotel, up on the other side, and so on hour after hour, and always at the slowest possible walk. The livery man who did the hotel business kept carriages standing around a great deal, and picked up some outside business by the means; regular hackmen began to desert their stands and wait at the Southern to retaliate. Then the police decreed that no carriage should stand there, and to evade this they all kept moving slowly, livery teams and licensed scalpers, tiring to tire each other out.

—The bathing master at Newport says that it is one thing to be able to wade out until the water touches the chin, and then swim quietly back to the beach with an occasional reassuring touch of a foot to the friendly bottom. It is quite another thing to make headway against a breaking sea, or to strike out calmly for shore when a boat upsets, or to keep a drowning person afloat until help comes. No one who hopes to make the accomplishment of service in the face of danger should be content with mere surface swimming in smooth water. The breaking of a chance wave in the face may easily disconcert one who is not used to it, and the only way to be a confident swimmer is to become indifferent to an occasional involuntary ducking.

—The organization of a new corporation bearing the name of the American and British Cable Company, has just been announced. It proposes to lay two new cables between England and America, to be operated independently of the other existing lines, and ultimately to put a new telegraphic girdle around the world.

RANDALL AT THE SOUTH.—Every man in the Winter of 1876–7 who had an ounce of brains in his head understood that there would be no resort to arms. Mr. Randall was right in bringing the wrangle to a close after the Democracy had lost their cause by submitting it to the Electoral Commission. This is one of the incidents in his career that commends him to the people of the South for the next speakership. He honestly furthered that sagacious compromise which saved South Carolina and Louisana, and removed from the whole South that military interference which disgraced the history of this Republic for nearly ten years.—*Mobile Register (Dem.)*

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW OF BUTLER.—It cannot be denied that the poverty of principle in the Democratic party of this State is shown by the surrender to Butler. There is nothing Democratic about him but his constant appeals to the gallery. He was the most extreme of Republicans, and as such was driven from office by the Republican party. Even the old Democratic leaders, who had never tired of denouncing Butler when he was in the Republican party, fell in behind his banner in good order and began to shout his praises. Yet he is the same man who voted for Jeff Davis before the war, for which he was silenced by his constituents, whose career as a soldier was garnished with scandals instead of victories, and who, in the period of reconstruction, was the most virulent enemy of local self-government.—*Boston Herald.*

THE DODGERS.

There has been more or less talk for many years about renaming the Democratic party. The old name has become identified so thoroughly with so many issues that are both bad and dead that it is an unmistakable burden in itself. Judge Hoadley feels this and has tried to ease matters a little by calling himself the leader of the new Democracy. This device has not been a success, however, for the Bourbons regard the new appellation as a confession that the old Democracy was a concern to be ashamed of, and that they never will admit. It seems to us that the best way out is the adoption of an entirely new name—not one that requires explanation, but one which so exactly defines the party's attitude on current public questions that its fitness will be recognized at once by all men. We venture to suggest the Dodgers as a name of this sort. Nobody can deny that that fits the attitude of the party precisely at the present time.

All the Democratic oracles are dodging with great activity. Judge Hoadley made a keynote speech in Ohio on Saturday night of last week, and dodged both the tariff and the civil Service reform issues. All the Democratic newspapers are doing the same thing every day, when they decline to take any position on either of those all-important questions, and declare that the only issue to fight the next Presidential campaign on is that of turning out the Republicans and putting Democrats in their places. As for the Presidential aspirants, they are not only dodging the issues, they are also dodging one another, or rather one another's brickbats. All the anti-Tilden Democrats declare that the Sage is so feeble that he can neither walk nor stand unaided. All the Tilden Democrats deny this and say he is the most robust and indefatigable stair-climber and pedestrian in his party. Mr. Hendricks declared in an interview a few weeks ago that Democratic sentiment in his State was so overwhelmingly in favor of the renomination of the old ticket that he had decided to waive his objection to running again and would accept a renomination for the second place. Now comes a friend of ex-Senator McDonald saying that Mr. Hendricks is the only man in the State in favor of the old ticket, and that all other Indiana Democrats are eager to put Mr. McDonald at the head of a new ticket for 1884. When this McDonald ticket was first announced it stood McDonald and Vilas—the "silver-tongued, broad-brained Vilas of Wisconsin"—and the issue on which the combination was to run was free trade. The issue has since been dropped, and the gifted but unknown Vilas, as nearly as we can make out, has been dropped with it. Mr. McDonald, like all his rivals, is running now as a Dodger on a dodging platform.

We trust the party will enter the campaign next year on this line of policy and adopt the name of Dodgers. A man with an almost completely bald head was sitting one day in a store on the frontier deeply engaged in conversation. As he talked he raised his hand to his head every now and then and scratched energetically a small tuft of hair which still lingered behind the ears. A pioneer who had noticed this movement for some time in silence, finally leaned forward and touching the talker on the knee said in a confidential manner: "I think, my friend, if you'd work him up into the clearing you'd catch him quicker." It is the confident hope of the Republicans that they will be able to work the Dodgers into the clearing next year and catch them as usual.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A GIFTED PROPHET.—Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, looms into the public eye as the boldest political prophet of this epoch. Most prophets are cautious in formulating their visions, and so fortify themselves with conditional clauses that no matter what the future may unfold they are in a position to say: "Ah, didn't I tell you so'" There is nothing of this timid character about Mr. Blackburn. "I can," he says, with his glittering eye fixed immovably upon the future, "name the next Democratic ticket;" and withous pausing even for breath he proceeds thus to name it: "Hoadly is going to carry Ohio by 20,000. That will make him the Democratic candidate for president, and Cleveland, of New York, will be the Democratic vice presidential nominee. The Republicans will abandon party organization and nominate David Davis, and they will not carry seven States."—*New York Tribune.*

—The fashion news from Paris is that in some of the evening toilets for women the left shoulder is wholly bated.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

—The daughter of an ear stopped dancing with the Prince of Wales, and openly refused to go on, because he was holding her too closely, and otherwise misbehaving himself in a large ball room. She left him in the middle of the floor, and asked an acquaintance to take her to her mother.

☞ Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness.

—The GAZETTE sent to any address for one year, for one dollar.

☞ *"As two boxes of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured a friend of neuralgia, whom the Dr's. here couldn't help, I'll send for some for myself."*. Clifford Shand, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

—They are selling in Georgia this year a great many farm bells of large size for use in country neighborhoods as alarms in case of tramps. Neighborhoods are thickening so in the best localities that a farm bell would summon a dozen families.

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and completed restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMOVAL.

THE

BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE

HAS REMOVED

TO ITS NEW QUARTERS

ON MILL STREET,

OPPOSITE RADCLIFFE.

Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer as a flour and feed store and coal yard, where we will be happy to see all our former customers, and as many new ones as will favor us with their patronage.

We have constantly in stock and for sale a large and well-selected assortment of

COOKING STOVES,

RANGES,

Parlor, Hall and Office Stoves,

DOUBLE HEATERS,

FOR HEATING TWO OR MORE ROOMS,

FURNACES,

Either portable or set in brick.

STOVE HOLLOW WARE,

Custom-Made Tinware,

MILK CANS,

And in fact everything usually kept in a first-class house-furnishing store.

Tin Roofing

Done at the lowest possible price for cash. Old Roofs repaired and painted. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.

Coal! Coal.

After this date we shall be prepared to furnish and deliver the

Best Quality of Coal,

Well screened and free from slate. All we ask is a fair trial, and if your orders are filled satisfactorily, we hope they will be repeated.

Thankful for past favors we hope for a continuance of the same.

THOMAS BARNARD,

Mill Street, opposite Radcliffe,

Near Steamboat Landing.

Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer.

$300,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY FREE!

WITH SIX PER CENT INTEREST IN CASH from time of presentation SECURED and GUARANTEED. Certificates entitling the holder to full participation in all the profits of the entire business of GOULD & CO., and part ownership of their valuable properties, Four Stores and Manufactory.

In forming a mutually advantageous Joint Stock Organization, entitled "Gould's Union Furniture Manufacturing and House Furnishing Company," of Philadelphia, to be chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, it is proposed from THIS DATE to MAKE EACH and EVERY PURCHASER and CUSTOMER at either of Gould and Co's Stores, part OWNERS of the ENTIRE PROPERTIES, and FULL PARTICIPATORS in ALL THE PROFITS FREE OF ANY COST, by PRESENTING or giving from One to One Thousand Shares of Capitol Stock of said Company to every cash customer, at the time of their purchasing Furniture or other Goods to the amount of Ten Dollars, or more, of Gould & Co.

300,000 SHARES are to BE GIVEN AWAY FREE OF COST!

Each certificate bearing Interest of SIX PER CENT. IN CASH AT ONCE, with full participation in all THE PROFITS as soon as organized and the officers elected, when John H. Gould, present proprietor and sole owner, will TRANSFER to the COMPANY all the REAL ESTATE represented in circulation.

THREE LARGE AND VERY VALUABLE BLOCKS OF PROPERTY,

Namely, Store Property, N. E. Corner Ninth and Market Streets, Stores 37 and 39 N. Second Street; Stores and Manufactory 305, 307, 309, 311 S. Second Street. Some of the most valuable property in Philadelphia.

To be Clear of all Indebtedness Whatever,

Together with all the stock of Merchandise on hand, Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, House Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Pictures, Materials of every description, Machinery, Good-Will established 40 years, very valuable Patents, Horses, Wagons, and everything appertaining or belonging to said business as carried on now and for the last thirty years by Gould & Co. The whole to be CLEAR OF ALL DEBTS OR LIABILITIES of any kind, so that each shareholder will be part owner of all the Real Estate, Merchandise, and Personal Property, of all sorts, belonging thereto, and participating in all the PROFITS AND GAINS of the estate and business, valued at $900,000, see schedule. Thus, holders of shares will have everything to gain, but cannot possibly lose, the shares being given or presented FREE to Gould & Co. customers and patrons. The Company selling their merchandise only for cash, and will SAVE AND MAKE ONE DOLLAR OF INDEBTEDNESS, insures ultimately. IT IS DESIRABLE TO MAKE EVERYONE A SHAREHOLDER, AND SO DO AWAY WITH MONOPOLY. Only patrons and customers can have shares of STOCK PRESENTED FREE, and they may also purchase a limited number of the shares at One Dollar per share, besides those that are given. This price only holds good for a short time, as it is expected the shares will be worth from $5 to $20 before long. Only a limited number will be sold for One Dollar per share. John H. Gould, present owner and proprietor, will take payment for this entire Property, Real Estate and Personal Property, everything belonging to said business, in the stock of the company. Thus you have the largest, cheapest and best stock of Furniture in the world to select from. Newest, most fashionable, best makes, and from ONE TO ONE THOUSAND SHARES OF FULL-PAID, NON-ASSESSABLE STOCK PRESENTED to every purchaser of Furniture, Carpets, or other goods. The CERTIFICATES for stock bearing interest of SIX PER CENT from time to time. It is estimated that the PROFITS OR DIVIDENDS (calculating from past business) will be from Ten to Twenty Per Cent., perhaps more.

JOHN H. GOULD ALSO PRESENTS TO THE COMPANY 100,000 SHARES OF THE STOCK as an additional working capital, and will pay SIX PER CENT. per annum on all the Share Certificates issued up to time of organization; from then full participation in all profits. All secured on the Real Estate and Personal Property. There can be no better or safer investment.

FROM ONE TO ONE THOUSAND SHARES GIVEN FREE

to every purchaser of Furniture to the amount of Ten Dollars, pro rata.

THIS LIBERAL ARRANGEMENT IS INTENDED TO DO AWAY WITH ALL MONOPOLY BY CO-OPERATION.

A limited number of the shares will also be sold for cash. ONE DOLLAR PER SHARE, drawing Six Per Cent. Interest from date of purchase.

MAKE PROFITS FOR YOURSELVES by purchasing Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, etc., of GOULD & CO. Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock in the World. GET VALUABLE SHARES IN THE COMPANY FOR NOTHING. That will PAY YOU BACK MORE IN INTEREST THAN YOU EXPEND OR CAN GET BY ANY OTHER INVESTMENT.

Commencing on and after Monday, April 9, 1883.

JOHN H. GOULD,
President Pro Tem

Bristol Cemetery.

THE managers of this Cemetery have

LAID OUT AND IMPROVED

About Seventeen Acres of Ground

FOR BURIAL PURPOSES,

in a location that is believed to be the best that could be secured, as it is convenient, well drained, secure from encroachment, and the sub-soil a dry sand and gravel. A considerable number of lots have already been sold and interments have commenced. The prices have been fixed much lower than other places of interment in this vicinity and range from 20 cents a square foot for lots not situated directly on the avenues or other prominent parts, to 35 cents a square foot for the choicest lots in Section C—making the price for a lot 9 by 16 feet, $27 and $47.25, respectively. Lots may be obtained larger or smaller, various sizes being on the plan which will be furnished to those intending to purchase.

A commodious and secure Receiving Vault has been constructed for the use of lot owners.

A suitable place has been reserved for single interments.

Further information may be obtained of

H. PURSELL, Secretary.

TRENTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE HATTER DOBBINS AND FURRIER

15 E. STATE ST. TRENTON, N. J.

Notwithstanding the bold assertions of certain clothiers, concerning their goods and prices, the undisputable fact remains, that

BARWIS,

The "Nobby" Tailor,

Stands pre-eminently ahead of them all in prices, and accuracy of fit.

129 N. GREENE STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

UNDERWEAR.

Men's in all grades, from 35c. to $4 50 a piece. Ladies', white and red from 35c. to $2.50. Children's, white, red and grey, 15c. to $1.50.

GENTS' FINE NECK WEAR!

The Latest Styles in all the New Shades, Wide Stripes, Large Dots and Party Shades.

KNIT JACKETS!

Men's, Ladies' and Boys', in the following Shades Black, Brown, Blue, Garnet, Green, Gray, Drab and Scarlet, from 75c. to $5.00.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS!

Men's and Boy's, Laundried and Unlaundried, in white and colored.

GLOVES! GLOVES!

Fur, Kid, Castor Cloth, Wool, Buck, Sheep and Dog Skin, Lined and Unlined Rubber Coats from $2.00 to $6.00. Umbrellas from 50c. to $8.00.

A. W. LEE,

THE GENTS' FURNISHER,

14 N. Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.

HORSES AND MULES

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

AT MY STABLES,

116 Brunswick Avenue.

25 HEAD OF

Good Young Horses.

Also, a lot of

FINE BROKE YOUNG MULES.

Call and see me. Have plenty of Good Stock at all times

A Large Stock of Carriages and Harness always on hand.

J. L. WEBER,

116 Brunswick Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

MATHIAN MILLER. JOHN HARTMAN.

MILLER & HARTMAN,

FURNITURE DEALERS

AND

UPHOLSTERERS,

NO. 12 SOUTH WARREN STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

ALL FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

All orders promptly attended to.

THE HOLIDAYS

AT LANING'S

NEW

Boot and Shoe Store,

CORNER WARREN AND PERRY ST.,

OPPOSITE ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL,

TRENTON, N. J.

A BEAUTIFUL DOLL GIVEN WITH EVERY PAIR OF SHOES.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits," our motto.

Call and examine for yourself.

LANING'S,

Corner Warren and Perry Streets, Trenton, N. J.

EYE GLASSES

AND

SPECTACLES

OF THE

FINEST QUALITY.

A FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

GEORGE F. APPLEGATE,

WATCHMAKER.

Broad St., opposite Court House, Trenton, N. J.

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Pianos and Organs

At Winkler's Piano Manufactory,

141 N. WARREN STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

Pianos and Organs $30 and upwards.

THE PLACE TO BUY

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

And all the Popular Patent Medicines, is at

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

55 BATH STREET.

Our Motto—Purity and Accuracy.

A full line of Chipman and Nice's Mixed Paints and Colors. Guaranteed pure.

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS REMOVED TO THE CORNER OF RADCLIFFE and MULBERRY STREETS, where he will be happy to see his old patrons and as many new ones as choose to favor him with a call. All Dental work promptly attended to in the most skillful manner, at reasonable rates.

Thanks for past favors.

C. W. ADAMS, D. D. S.,
Bristol, Pa

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 12, 1883.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN.

Single copies of the GAZETTE, in wrappers for mailing, at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA.—For Philadelphia, 7.15 A.M., 4 P.M.
" From Philadelphia, 2.00 and 6.00 P.M.
TWILIGHT.—For Philadelphia, 9.30 A.M., 5.00 P.M.
" From Philadelphia, 7 A.M., 3 P.M.
SILVER STAR.—For Philadelphia, 8.00 A.M.
" From Philadelphia, 3.00 P.M.
" For Bordentown, 5.00 P.M.

For the Time Table of the EDWIN FORREST, see the advertisement of the River Steamers.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 8:25 and 10:15 A. M., 4:00 and 6:40 P. M.
PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 7:00 and 8:45 A. M., and 4:00 and 7:30 P. M. Closes 5:45 and 10:15 A. M., and 6:30 P. M.
DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11:30 A. M. Closes 12:00 M.
MORRISVILLE, FALLSINGTON AND EDDINGTON.—Arrives 11:00 A. M. Closes 11:30 A. M.
BELVIDERE, TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE.—Arrives 4:00 P. M. Closes 7:55 A. M.
TRENTON.—Arrives 10:00 A. M. and 4:00 and 7:30 P. M. Closes 8:00 A. M., and 4:00 and 6:40 P. M.
WATERS.—Arrives 10:00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Local direct mail for New York City closes at 6.40.

W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

FOR PHILADELPHIA.—For Kensington Depot, 6.53, 7.25, 8.25, and 9.41 A. M., 12.51, 3.23, 4.11, 5.43, and 7.16 P. M. Sundays.—8.25, 6.24 P. M.

For Broad Street Station.—2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.10, 7.25, 7.50, 8.20, 9.11, 10.47 A. M., 12.51, 1.43, 2.52, 3.08, 3.23, 4.11, 5.43, 7.04, 7.16, 7.20, 9.28, 11.18 P.M. Sundays.—7.46, 9.00, A.M., 12.25, 5.24, 6.04, 7.15, 9.28, 11.18 P.M.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.—From Kensington Depot, 6.55, 7.40, 8.40, 10.00 A. M., 2.10, 3.35, 4.35, 5.45, 6.15, and 7.30 P. M. Sundays, 9.00, A. M., 2.15 P. M.

From Broad Street Station.—12.01 Night, 6.32, 7.50, 8.30, 10.00, 11.10 A. M., 12.01 Noon, 2.00, 3.29, 4.30, 5.00, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.35, 7.26, 8.00, and 11.15 P. M. Sundays.—12.01, night, 7.45, 8.30, and 8.45 A. M., 2.00, 6.00, 6.30 and 8.00 P. M.

FOR TRENTON.—1.05, 7.28, 9.22, 9.16, 11.00, 11.51 A.M., 12.00, 1.15, 2.35, 3.44, 5.30, 5.50, 6.25, 8.47, 8.57, 9.30, P.M. Sundays.—2.25 A.M., 12.01, 5.00, 5.47, 7.05, 10.57 P.M.

FROM NEW YORK.—1.05, 7.28, 9.16, 11.44 A. M., 5.50, 6.45, 7.50 P. M. Sundays.—12.51, 9.16 A.M., and 7.05 P. M.

FROM NEW YORK.—5.15, 8.30, 11.10 A.M., 1.00, 3.00, 7.00, 9.00, 12.00 P.M. Sundays.—10.00 A.M., 4.00 P.M.

— As a popular shade, crushed strawberry is beginning to pale.

— There is but little criminal business before the Justice's court.

— For one trade dollar one copy of the GAZETTE will be sent for one year to any address.

— A valuable horse belonging to Rogers Brothers died with colic last Tuesday morning.

— Picnics at Chestnut Grove, Andalusia, are numerous. There is one there nearly every day.

— A flagman has been placed at the Walnut street crossing. He has long been needed there.

— There is a fair prospect for fire plugs in the near future at a price which will not be onerous to the borough.

— Garrett Vanzant, an old citizen of this county, died in Bristol last Friday morning, in the 86th year of his age.

— Israel H. Tomlinson and Mahlon Stout, Esq., of Bristol, were in attendence as delegates to the State Convention yesterday.

— The Chapel choir will spend this afternoon and evening at Burlington Island, at the invitation of Miss Lizzie Hancock.

— At the meeting of Fidelity Council No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., on last Thursday evening, the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: C., George Vansant; V. C., Wesley Hoot; A. R. S., J. Paxson Stradling; Con., Frank Doble; I. S., George Cramer; O. S., Charles S. Bailey, Jr.

— The steamer Maid of Kent, George F. Tyler, Captain, which plies between Philadelphia and Leipsic, Delaware, does a large business, both in freight and passenger traffic. During the peach season large quantities of that fruit are shipped to Philadelphia on this favorite steamer.

— Some little girls on Radcliffe street had a little fair last week, and the proceeds of the sale of the fancy articles, of their own manufacture, and of the lemonade and cake amounted to over five dollars. This they sent to New York to be placed to the credit of the Fresh Air Fund. The example set by these children is well worthy of emulation by persons of larger growth.

— Mr. H. H. Pounds has decided to open a boy's school, in Bristol, this fall. President Cattell, of Lafayette College, in a note received a day since, says of him: "Let me say in brief, but with emphasis, he was one of our best men every way. If I had been asked to recommend a teacher I would not know where to find a better man: few, indeed who are as good."

— There was a harmonious meeting of the Street committee last Tuesday afternoon at Esquire Lyndall's office. It was resolved to begin the work of improving Beaver dam road from the canal bridge to the township line at once. The method agreed upon was to plow up half a dozen furrows on each side of the road and give the whole a good coat of gravel. Three boat loads of granite spalls were ordered from the Lumberville quarries, which as soon as they arrive will be used in completing the Mill street improvements.

— On last Friday evening the body of a man was seen floating in the Delaware near the mouth of the Hollow creek by Samuel Elliot and Stephen Hibbs. He was brought to the shore when it was found that his limbs were tied together with one knee drawn up to the chin and strapped there. A hat was tied over his head with a handkerchief. His clothes were of common make, and there was nothing to be found on the body that would lead to his identification. To all appearances the body had been several days in the water. An inquest was held on Saturday morning and a verdict of death by drowning was returned. The jury did not determine whether the man committed suicide or whether he had been foully dealt with.

— It is estimated that the watering places on the New Jersey coast, Long Beach to Cape May, take in $14,000,000 every summer.

Personal Mention.

"Oh, which were best,
To roam or rest—
Lap of land,
Or ocean's breast?"

DR. SHEETZ is absent from Bristol, taking a vacation.

STACY PURSELL is spending a few days in the city of Boston.

Miss GALLAGHER and Miss ALICE PAXSON are at Atlantic City.

Miss EPPELSHEIMER, of Philadelphia, is the guest of the Misses Lawrence.

Mr and Mrs. JOSHUA PEIRCE spent a few days last week at Sea Girt, N. J.

Miss KATE GOFORTH is visiting friends at Pottsville, Schuylkill county.

DR. HORACE IVINS, of Philadelphia, spent last Sunday with his Bristol friends.

Miss CARRIE PARSONS, of Fallsington, is visiting the Misses Hellings, at Shady Side.

Miss MARY BACHE is visiting her sister Mrs. Henry G. Booz, on Radcliffe street.

Mrs. BURNET LANDRETH and Miss KATE PHILLIPS are at Far Rockaway for a few days.

Miss EDITH L. PEIRCE, of Philadelphia, made a short visit to Bristol friends last week.

Mrs. ANNA NESBIT left Bristol last Thursday for a year's sojourn on the Island of Barbadoes.

Miss VIRGINIA PARKER is spending a portion of the summer at Smith's Island, near Long Island, New York.

Miss NELLIE VAN DUZEN, of New York city, who has been spending a few days in Bristol, returned home yesterday.

ED PHILLIPS, of New York, was in Bristol a few days ago, paying a short visit to his parents and numerous friends.

Miss LAURA HIXSON, of West Philadelphia, spent a few days in Bristol last week, the guest of Miss Nellie O. Thomas

— A chamber of the Knights of Friendship was instituted in Odd Fellows Hall on last Saturday night. The Grand Chamber, accompanied by sixty members of Philadelphia Councils, arrived on boat and cars and marched in full uniform to the Lodge-room where they initiated about sixty candidates, after which the following officers were installed: Past Sir K. M., John Wilson; Sir K. M., Harry C. Bendere; S. C., R. Buseman; J. C., James Farrell; M. of R., Joseph Leaf; R. S., Clarence N. Peirce; F. S., A. F. Arensmeyer; Treasurer, Wm. P. Wright. After partaking of refreshments they again convened at the Hall and several hours were spent in speeches, not only by Grand Officers, but by many of the newly initiated members. The Knights of Friendship, as we learn from their "Mishnah," is different from most secret organizations. It is not only benevolent but beneficial, social and patriotic, based upon the great fundamental principles of charity, friendship, companionship and knowledge, virtues which it aims to inculcate and practice toward all mankind. It aims to produce feelings of brotherhood among all men, and to establish the pleasantest feelings throughout all the world. The organization is comparatively new but is rapidly increasing, and has, it is asserted, in many cases led young men from paths of vice to positions of trust and honor. Among its members are found many of the foremost citizens of Philadelphia, and the interest manifested by the older chambers in the order toward the new is very marked. In our borough, judging from the number of candidates for membership, it seems that the new order is destined to be a very popular one. Those who were present on last Saturday evening express themselves as being highly gratified with the proceedings.

— John Gifford, a young married man in the employ of Edwin Tomlinson, at Byberry, met with a fatal accident on Saturday last. He was engaged at the barn in pitching wheat in the mow; the height of the mow from the wagon was too great to allow the wheat being pitched directly from one to the other, so a scaffold was erected upon which young Gifford received the wheat from the wagon and then passed it on to the mow. The scaffold broke throwing the unfortunate man to the ground breaking his neck. He died almost instantly.

— William McNutty, alias Johnny Steele, more widely known as Coal Oil Johnny than by either of those names, has reappeared in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. He has found here and there, recoverable bits of his recklessly squandered millions, and the money thus obtained supports him fairly, and he is hopefully prospecting for coal and iron. He asserts that he knows more than he used to, but the access of knowledge is not apparent, except that he has learned to write his name.

NOTICE.—Next Sunday, July 15th, 1883, will be our grand rally in the Bethel A. M. E. church, Wood street, Bristol Pa. At which time we expect to have with us the Rev. J. H. Bean of Bridgeton, N. J., and the Rev. J. H. Morgan of Woodbury, N. J., will occupy the pulpit on this occasion. All are invited to come and help us, as this rally is for the purpose to raise money to pay on the debt of our new church.. Rev. W. H. Davis, Pastor, Mulberry street, Bristol.

— The Germantown *Telegraph* says it is pretty generally believed that the ragweed, which is more or less present on every farm, is the cause of the bitter milk whenever it appears. In this section there is no such thing as ragweed. The milkmen invariably say it's the garlic that gives the peculiar taste to their commodity, and declare that most of their customers welcome the flavor as a "sweet boon."

— The farmers of Berks county, Pa., say, according to a telegram from Reading, "that since the onslought upon the English sparrow, which is permitted by recent legislative enactment, there has been a remarkable increase in the damage to crops by the Hessian fly and wheat-worm."

— List of letters remaining in the Bristol post office, Wednesday evening, July 11th:—George W. B. Anderson, William Badger, Mrs. Rachel Hall, care of Percy Brown; Jeff. L. Daff, James S. Frost, Joseph Furlong, Abbie A. Holt, Mrs. Sarah Hicks, Amanda Higgins, C. Neighbour, Mrs. Emma Perkins, George Read, J. H. Stewart. Postals:—Mrs. John Loughrin, Master John O'Connell.

Council Proceedings.

The regular meeting of the Burgess and Council was held last Monday evening at the Council chamber. The following members were present: J. Wesley Wright, Burgess; A. Hoeding, A. K. Joyce, James Lyndall, Clarence N. Peirce, George A. Shoemaker, William Tabram, James Warden, Jacob M. Winder and James Wright.

The Street committee's report was presented as follows:

BRISTOL, July 9, 1883.

To the Burgess and Members of Council:

Since your last meeting the Street committee have held weekly meetings and have performed their duties as instructed by Council at regular and special meetings.

Finding that no one of the Street committee could afford to devote their entire time to the borough, we have employed a competent man at one dollar and seventy-five cents per day, whose duty it is to take charge of men, report streets that need repairing, and perform such duties as the Street committee may direct; in other words, he is a laborer paid a little extra to act as overseer.

The day after the last session the Street committee commenced work upon Mill street between Wood and Pond, but soon found that the stone purchased of Wright & Son and William Young was considerably larger than the contract called for, and entirely too large to place upon the main thoroughfare of the borough. A special meeting of Council was called and instructions were given us to purchase an additional boat load of spalls of William H. Kemble, which was done and the block between the above-named streets completed, including the two crossings, at a cost of $41.47, and we pride ourselves that it is the best piece of road in the limits of the borough. Following out your instructions we commenced operations on Otter street. Messrs. Wright, Son & Young were notified that we were ready to receive the balance of the stone, and hoped that they would send men along to break the stone to regular size (as they had offered to do at the special session.) The stone was delivered, but the breaking was done by the borough at the borough's expense, and about one hundred feet of Otter street, near the Red Men's hall completed.

The Street committee have held a conference with the Directors of the Water Company, and we deem it best to continue the authority vested in us until the next meeting of Council, as we are in hopes that the question of water for fire protection and borough use may be amicably arranged to the satisfaction of Council and the citizens of Bristol.

The Street committee recommend the immediate repair of Beaver Dam road, as the Rubberoid company is about erecting a large mill and find the road in such a condition that it is almost impossible to haul their raw crial to their proposed works.

We also suggest the importance of macadamizing the square of Mill street between Cedar and Wood, and ask authority to purchase material for the same.

Radcliffe street between Market and Walnut is in a very bad condition, and at an expense of about three hundred dollars per square can be covered with fine stone from Bergen's Cut, which would be a great improvement. The material is the same as is used by the Pennsylvania railroad, and a fair sample of it can be seen in front of the depot at Bristol. The length of time it has been down proves that it is serviceable, and the cost, delivered on the cars at Bristol is $1.75 per yard.

Otter street needs further attention and must not be neglected.

During the past month many of the crossings have been taken up and relaid by the overseer and one laborer, thus preventing the expense of a mason. The stone used for the same have been picked off the street, and we find that the cost of taking up, repairing and relaying during a crossing and gutter has been a trivial one of three dollars a piece.

The Street committee's attention has been called to a cave and breaking in the borough sewer on Lafayette street below Radcliffe, which is in a very bad condition and requires immediate attention, as the foulness from the same is very offensive to the neighborhood.

The Street committee would ask authority to purchase about three boat loads of granite spalls from William H. Kemble, to complete the present improvements, and one hundred and fifty yards of fine stone from Bergen's Cut for Radcliffe street.

JAMES WRIGHT,
CLARENCE N. PEIRCE,
JAMES LYNDALL.

On motion the report was accepted.

The Nuisance committee presented the following report:

BRISTOL, July 9, 1883.

To the Burgess and Members of Council:

As per instructions received from Council, your Nuisance committee would report that they have cleansed out several alleys which were reported as a nuisance, and hauled the dirt and ashes from the same into John's pond, and the residents along said alleys notified that if they threw any more rubbish or ashes into said streets or alleys they would be dealt with according to law.

We have about two-thirds filled up John's pond, and the worst portion completed, but it is the intention of your committee to fill it up level with the street, which will be a great satisfaction to the residents of the neighborhood as the foulness already arising from the same has been greatly remedied. The reason that the work is not completed is the impossibility of procuring material to fill up with. We would suggest to the Council the necessity of placing upon the borough a horse and cart so that they can haul away from the residences of our citizens ashes and rubbish as it accumulates, as much complaint is made that they have no place to throw the same.

JAMES WARDEN,
NELSON GREEN,
ANTHONY K. JOYCE.

On motion the report was accepted.

The following proposal, laid over from the last meeting of Council, was taken up:

BRISTOL, June 11th, 1883.

To the Burgess and Council of Bristol Borough.

GENTLEMEN:—We will furnish the granite spalls, as per sample, boat load $2.15 per gross ton, delivered on the streets where you may direct; also we will furnish you gravel at 50c. per yard, provided you allow us the privilege of delivering it on the streets at 25c. per cart load.

If you would prefer lime stone spalls, we can deliver it on streets at $1.65 per ton. Respectfully,

HENRY M. WRIGHT & SON,
WILLIAM YOUNG.

On motion the proposal was laid on the table.

The following bills were presented, read and passed:

Pennsylvania Globe Gas Light Co., care of lamps to July 1, 1883	$38 33
Simeon Brooks, lamp lighter, 1st ward	7 80
William Mance, " " 2d & 3d wards	8 90
Charles Saxton, Constable's salary for June	50 00
William Ackerman, police duty	2 00
Nathan Campbell, " "	2 00
John Murphy, " "	2 00
Gazette Printing Co., ordinance books, printing and advertising	227 50
Rogers Bros., gravel, lumber and relief orders	31 92
Henry M. Wright & Son, and William Young, 1 boat load granite spalls	112 50
William H. Kemble, 1 boat load spalls	65 00
William Tyrol, work on streets	16 75
Joseph S. Pierce, work on streets	27 00
Strobele & Son, work on streets	39 00
Anderson Llewellen, work on streets	5 50
Philip Fallihan, work on streets	3 00
George W. Hellings, work on streets	12 00
Street committee, for sundry persons, work on streets	240 12
Ellwood Doron, work on streets	6 00
Seth W. Boice, work on streets	1 00
Vanhorn & Vandegrift, dressing picks and repairing tools	15 35
Morgan & Wilson, dressing picks, &c	6 20
Benj. Hagaman, dressing picks, &c	1 25
William P. Wright, hardware, &c	5 38
R. H. Shores, hopper barrow, &c	10 65
Total	$909 97

A communication from William Shermer, relative to furnishing gravel for the streets, was referred to the Street committee.

A petition signed by residents of the Second ward, residing in the vicinity of Pond and Washington streets, asking for a crossing over Pond street from the school house to the bakery was referred to the street committee to report at next meeting.

A communication from Fire Company, No. 1, asking Council to furnish aid for taking steamer to and from fires was referred to the Fire committee with instructions to report at next meeting the best arrangements that can be effected; and on motion, the Fire committee empowered to make such arrangements until the next meeting of Council as they may deem best.

The Lafayette street sewer was reported to be in bad condition. On motion, the matter was referred to the Street committee with power to act.

On motion the Ordinance committee was instructed to frame an ordinance exempting manufactories from taxation for a period of ten years.

A motion that the Ordinance committee be instructed to frame an ordinance appointing a health officer, and defining his duties, was lost.

On motion the Street committee were instructed to repair Radcliffe street, Mill treet, and the Beaver Dam road, and were authorized to purchase three boat loads of stone.

Mrs. Garvey explained to the Council how it came about that her cow was found running loose on the public streets, and on motion $2.50 of the fine was ordered remitted.

James Wright presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Burgess be and he is hereby instructed to make the following proposition to the Bristol Water Company:

That the Borough of Bristol will enter into a contract to pay the Bristol Water Company the sum of $ ..... per annum, yearly and every year, between January 1st and March 1st, for the period of eleven years for the use of water through fire plugs for all municipal purposes except sprinkling the streets. The said borough to have the right to put in as many fireplugs during the period of the said contract as the Burgess and Town Council shall deem proper. Provided however, that in placing said plugs care shall be taken so to place the same as not to interfere with the water supply to the railroad company, and provided further, that the said water company shall incur no manner of responsibility in case of any deficiency in the supply of water, or of pressure. All plugs to be purchased, put in and maintained at the expense of the borough.

George A. Shoemaker moved that the borough offer $500 per annum. James Wright offered as an amendment that the sum be $600. The yeas and nays being called on the amendment, the vote stood: Yeas—J. Wesley Wright, A. Hoeding, James Lyndall, William Tabram, Jacob M. Winder and James Wright—6. Nays—Clarence N. Peirce, George A. Shoemaker and James Warden—3. Not voting, A. K. Joyce. The resolution, with the sum of $600 inserted, was then passed by a unanimous vote.

The attention of Council was directed to the fact that the Canal Company, in repairing the bridge over the Beaver dam road, had raised it between one and two feet higher than the old one, rendering it almost impossible for heavily laden teams to cross it. On motion the Street Committee was instructed to confer with the Canal Company, with power to act in the matter.

Council then adjourned.

OUR NORMAL SCHOOLS.

Yesterday the most excellent and interesting commencement exercises at the Normal School completed the twelfth year of that popular and flourishing institution. As our readers are aware, there are ten of these State Normal Schools, and our school is the school of the First District, composed of Chester, Delaware, Montgomery and Bucks counties. It is one of the youngest of all the Normal Schools in the State. It is hemmed in this corner of the State by Millersville and Kutztown, both not only much older, but well established, and with great reputations before our school was thought of. Yet by the wise management of the Board of Trustees, the thoroughness in instruction and excellence of the Faculty, and the unequalled advantages of its location, the school has forced its way to the very front rank among these great institutions. We should disparage none of these schools, every one of them is doing a great work for the Commonwealth, but we know, and they know, that none stands higher, nor deserves to, than the West Chester school. The State Superintendent finds no class in the State better prepared than those here. For the past five years we have been able to announce each year that the whole senior class had passed the State's examination, and the standard of scholarship and efficiency is being raised every year. Its graduates and students stand high as teachers, and are in demand by county superintendents and directors. This thorough work and efficiency is bearing its legitimate fruit. The school is constantly increasing in numbers. The new catalogue, just out of the printer's hands, shows an attendance of 404 students during the year. This is the largest attendance in all the school's history. Our readers may be interested in knowing the localities of this great body of students. These are recorded in the catalogue as follows:

Chester county,	Pa.	216
Montgomery,	"	47
Delaware,	"	32
Bucks,	"	21
Lancaster,	"	27
Philadelphia,	"	9
Berks,	"	4
Adams,	"	4
Carbon,	"	4
Schuylkill,	"	3
Mifflin,	"	3
Lehigh,	"	2

Clarion, Cumberland, Luzerne, Northumberland, Monroe, Dauphin and Lycoming each send one. From other states the attendance is, Delaware, 13; Maryland, 4; New Jersey, 2; New York, 2; Onio, 2; North Carolina, 1.

And it is still more satisfactory to know that instead of any diminution of its prosperity, the only news is of its increase. Already the larger part of the rooms are engaged for the Fall term, many more than ever before at this season. As the present building has been full to overflowing for all the past year it is evident that the new wing will be needed next year more than now. With the appropriation just made by the Legislature, we hope soon to be able to announce that the trustees have let the contract for the speedy completion of the wing. We congratulate the people of the First Normal School District, and of the whole State as well, upon the excellence of their school here. May its prosperity never diminish.—*West Chester Republican of the June 29th.*

— A sharp young farmer at La Grange, Ga., who was about to elope with a school girl from the seminary at that place, took the precaution to engage every horse and buggy in the town, with orders not to let any one have them without a written order from him. Consequently when the principal, half an hour after the youth had driven off with his girl, learned of the elopement, he could not get a team follow in pursuit, and was obliged to follow on horseback. The lovers had ample time to get married, and on their return picked up the too subsequent educator and carried him back to his diminished flock.

— Women on the other side of the Atlantic have summoned the moral courage to mount the tricycle, and they acquire great proficiency in the management of the steel steed. A number of English women are said to have traversed in this manner 500 miles during the last cycling season, greatly to the benefit of the mind and body. The question of what to wear on these excursions is an all-absorbing topic. The present style of woman's dress is inconsistent with this sort of exercise, and proposed reform as an adjunct to trycycling is eagerly discussed.

— There are signs that the flurry over the trade dollar is passing away, and that it will presently be circulating from hand to hand as freely as ever. The number of dealers who take the coin at par is steadily increasing, and there is a strong probability that when Congress assembles the anomalous coin will be redeemed from its false position by being made a legal tender to a limited amount.

— Ex-Senator Simon Cameron is now staying at Bedford Springs. In his old age his faculties of sight and hearing still remain almost unimpaired, and he walks about briskly and vigorously without support other than a light stick.

— An intelligent colored man of Louisville thinks the advancement of his race is dependent on conditions. "When the black doctor can command as good a practice as the white doctor, when the black lawyer can hope for the same reward as the white lawyer, when the black boy can enter the same shops with the white boy—in short, when black and white are given equal chance, then we can hope for a rapid progress, and not till then. Our advancement in the meantime is quite as much dependent on the white people as it is on us."

— Mrs. Haggerty, of Cleveland, saved a man's life, not long since, by the most wonderful quickness of mind. Tobias Thompson was digging a well, when the earth began to cave and buried him up to the neck. Mrs. Haggerty saw what had happened, got a piece of tin water pipe and handed him and then screamed for help. Thompson was soon buried so deep that it took three hours to dig him out; and all the time he breathed through that pipe and without great distress. Such presence of mind is a rare possession.

— A Boston dealer sued an express company for the value of some cigars delivered to A. Swannicks at Saratoga. There were two A. Swannicks there, one a regular merchant, the other a swindler who assumed the merchant's name and ordered the goods. The express agent took them first to the merchant, who refused to receive them, and next to the swindler, who took them and gave a receipt. The Supreme Court holds that the dealer cannot recover from the company.

☞ For groceries, good, cheap, reliable, go to the corner grocery store, at Mill and Cedar streets, kept by Captain Charles H. Fenton. A full assortment, fresh and pure, always is to be found there.

— It would be odd if woman suffrage should become the custom in Great Britain sooner than in the United States. That this is possible is indicated by the vote in the House of Commons of 114 ayes to 130 noes on Mr. Mason's motion to give the suffrage to those women whose property qualification allows them the municipal franchise. So small a hostile majority must be a hopeful sign for the friends of woman suffrage.

☞ Edward S. Stackhouse's Mill street market is stocked with as fine an assortment of meats as can be found anywhere. For choice roasts and juicy steaks go there. Meat delivered in any part of the town.

— The latest scheme for a public building in Minneapolis, where they are always planning new public buildings, is a combination post-office, court house, jail and city hall under one roof, and to cost, if possible, $1,000,000.

☞ Wringing machines and rubber goods of all kinds are being repaired by a man from the wringer shops, who is now located at Banard's tin store. Send along your wringers or leave your orders.

— The fishermen at Cogsville, Oregon, have raised a sum sufficient to employ two men during the next two months to shoot sea lions. They are said to prevent the salmon from running up the rivers.

☞ Theodore S. Cornell, the proprietor of the well-known Dorrance street meat market still serves his customers with the best quality of meat at reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.

— How to dispose of the English sparrow is a problem which has as yet found no solution. Down South, if the Greensboro, N. C., *Patriot* is to be believed, the birds are solving it, for that paper says a coalition has been formed by the red birds, robins, cat birds and other native birds, to drive away the troublesome English sparrows. There are certainly fewer sparrows here this summer than last and a friend says he has seen many battles between them and the red birds, with always a victory for the latter.

☞ A specific, and the only one too for all forms and types of skin disease, is known the world over as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It is not a patent medicine, but a reliable certain remedy. Druggists.

— A Portuguese physician claims that he has cured seven cases of hydrophobia by simply rubbing garlic into the wound and giving the patient a decoction of garlic to drink for several days.

☞ "From the worst stages of Heart Disease I consider myself cured by the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. T. M. Towns, Tilton, N. H." 30 years have proved the Heart Regulator a sure remedy. Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle.

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

CHEAPEST FASHION MAGAZINE in the world, 120 large pages, 4 pages new music, 1000 engravings each issue. 50 cents per ear; single copies 15 cts. STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, 8th & Market Sts., Philada.

Illustrated book of CAGE BIRDS mailed for 3 cent stamp. BIRD FOOD CO., 237 South 8th St., Philada.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Cures Piles, Itching, blind and bleeding; Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworms, Ulcers, Chilblains, Pimples, all Skin Diseases. The best Ointment in the world. The people to be the judge. All Druggists. Wholesale by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRISTOL SEMINARY.

THE BRISTOL SEMINARY will enter upon its ninth year September 12th. Music under the direction of Miss Eva J. Swain. Mad'lle Perigot will continue her classes in French and German, and Miss Louisa Iredell will have charge of the Primary Class and also teach Elocution in the school.

For circulars address
MISS A. MERRIAM,
Bristol, Pa.

REAL ESTATE.

A FINE LOT OF PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

Business Stands, large and small Dwellings. Prices all the way from $500 to $5,000. Terms easy. Come, take your choice between Spruce, Pine, Dorrance, Washington, Wood, Penn, Walnut, Radcliffe and Mill streets. A. WEST GILKESON,
Attorney at Law,
Next to Post Office, Bristol.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME OCCASIONS ON WHICH A MAN CAN BE MADE HAPPY.

1st. When he can buy a suit of clothes, warranted all wool, of fine texture and pattern, for $8.00, when they are worth $15.00.

2d. When he can purchase a stylish straw hat for 60 cents, which is really worth $1.00.

3d. When he can fit himself with a handsome pair of gaiters for $1.35—worth $2.25.

4th. When he can buy a nobby new style neck scarf for 40 cents, which generally sells for 75 cents.

5th. When he can pick up his local paper and read a list of articles like this:

Undershirts and drawers for summer, 25 cents.

Fine neck ties and bows, 5, 10, 15, and 20 cents.

Fine white shirts, linen bosoms, laundried, 75 cents.

Good work shirts, 25 and 40 cents.

Calico shirts, 25 cents.

Straw hats from 7 to 75 cents. (About half price.)

Custom made work shoes, $1.30.

Men and boy's stockings, 5 cents per pair.

Men and boy's stockings, worked with silk, 16 cents.

We have on hand the most complete and nicest stock of men and boy's wear we have ever offered.

WOOD'S CASH CLOTHING STORE,
No. 60 Mill street, near the corner of Mill and Wood streets, Bristol, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.,

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, June 22, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$259,002 25
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	75,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	20,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	81,635 70
Due from approved reserve agents	24,858 88
Due from other National Banks	14,781 57
Due from State Banks and bankers	1,743 97
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	445 98
Checks and other cash items	314 64
Bills of other Banks	2,585 00
Fractional currency, nickels, and pennies	35 14
Specie	23,376 00
Legal tender notes	4,302 00
U. S. certificates of dep't for legal-tenders	15,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	3,149 50
TOTAL	$534,362 68

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	80,000 00
Undivided profits	6,237 84
National Bank notes outstanding	61,615 00
Dividends unpaid	531 00
Individual deposits subject to check	250,000 00
Due to other National Banks	40,140 82
Due to State Bank and bankers	2,064 43
TOTAL	$534,362 08

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 25th day of June, 1883.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
C. N. TAYLOR,
JOHN BURTON,
EDWARD THOMAS,
} Directors.

USE

PURSELL'S

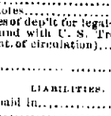
POROUS PLASTERS.

S. W. COR. MILL AND CEDAR STREETS,

BRISTOL, PA.

NEWPORTVILLE

MILLS!



I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the public generally that my mill has been thoroughly repaired and refitted with all the modern improvements in the machinery line. The PATENT PROCESS for flour has been adopted and gives satisfaction in every respect, and I can offer to the public as fine a grade of flour as can be found in the market.

☞ Prime Timothy Seed for sale.

Wheat, Oats and Corn Wanted.

☞ Grists ground on short notice.

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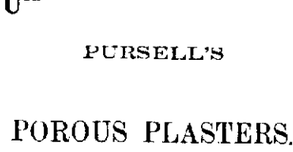
CHARLES W. PEIRCE,
(Successor to Joseph S. Peirce,)



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COAL, WOOD, COKE AND SOAP.

Office and Yards:
Corner of Washington and Canal Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

PLATFORM

SPRING WAGON.

JUST RECEIVED, FIRST-CLASS,

FOR SALE VERY LOW.

MADE OF BEST MATERIAL, with great care in selecting and putting together; steel tire; Moore's patent steel front gear, stronger, lighter and more durable, than any other; Lloyd's interchangeable axle, Sarvin patent; first-class second growth hickory wheels; Shuter's four leaf springs, warranted to be of the very best, fastened with clips in place of bolts. All bolts, clips, &c., are of good Norway iron. Capacity 1000 lbs.

J. S. THOMAS,
47 Mill Street, Bristol.

A GOOD PLACE TO GET

AT

Right Prices

Substantials and Luxuries

FOR THE TABLE.

Dorrance Street Cash Grocery,

EDWARD H. FOSTER.

Business Properties For Sale.

No. 1.—A STORE AND DWELLING in Bristol Borough, on the southwest side of Mill street between Cedar and Wood streets, occupied by Frank N. Booz. Carriage way and large Stable back.

No. 2.—A STORE AND DWELLING, adjoining the above, occupied by Frank T. Chambers.

Also, a splendid BUILDING LOT on Radcliffe street, between Penn and Dorrance, 42½ feet front, running to Cedar street. Apply to
SAMUEL SWAIN, Agent.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description. Terms of payment very liberal.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

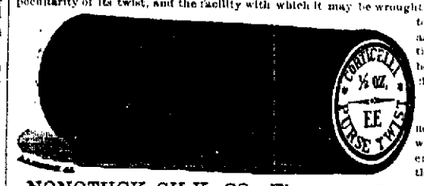
A GOOD HORSE AND WAGON. The horse is sound and a good traveller.

Apply to DEWITT BROS., Bristol, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORTICELLI PURSE TWIST.

The great popularity of this brand of PURSE SILK is obtained by the *excellence of its colors*, the peculiarity of its twist, and the facility with which it may be wrought into those exquisite designs known to women of past generations almost as well as to those of the present time. This well-known brand may be obtained of any enterprising merchant.



CAUTION.—Purchasers should notice carefully the **Black Spool** with the name CORTICELLI on one end. The genuine is put up only in this way.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass., Sole Manufacturers.

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LEADING AND OLDEST CLOTHIERS,

920 and 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Independent of Sensational Mark-Downs, Independent of Old Stock Accumulations, Independent of New York Capital, Independent of Everything

That tends to wrong or deceive any one. A straight old Philadelphia House. Thorough and Practical Clothers. The originators and promoters of the ONE-PRICE SYSTEM.

THE MARKED SUCCESS

of our New and Magnificent Store assures us that we are doing to-day the leading Clothing Business of Philadelphia.

JACOB REED'S SONS,

920 and 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MEN'S, BOYS', YOUTHS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING READY-MADE AND TO ORDER.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

From the New York Sun.

VIEWS AFIELD.

A jolly farmer I,
For, when I look around,
Fine views I see, that finer be
The more they're ground.

I care not for the world,
What'er may come to pass;
I'd smile if all this earthly ball
Should go to grass.

Yet many things there be
Of which I may complain;
When tempests blow, they're apt to go
Against my grain.

And when my hired man,
A careless, reckless pup,
Mowed into me below the knee
I felt cut up.

Yet, now the wound is well,
A happy man am I;
It makes me gay to see each day
The sun get high.

And when the fields of corn
Show many a waving row,
And tickled earth seems in her mirth,
To laugh—"Hoe! hoe!"

And neighbors hail me oft,
At work at early morn,
And jokes let fly—I naught reply,
I own the corn.

Kind words I speak at morn
And when my work is through:
At morn, "Good day!" at night I say,
A dew! a dew!"

I'm not above my work,
For, when I look around,
I clearly see none long can be
Above the ground.

THE PICTURE.

"Shan't go a step further"

'Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother is waiting.'

'I don't care; I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do as I choose.'

'But, father———'

'Now, don't talk to me about 'buts,' Charley, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can tell your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still, in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home, but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself at full length on the grass somewhat under the shade of a hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should awake. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts or carriages were coming along, nor how he had managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage

So Charlie sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a little distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes wandering about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio under his arm

Busy with his own thoughts, and, judging from his face, they were very pleasant ones, Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eye told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary looking child, and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes, and collar and necktie unfastened, and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made 'a little lower than the angels,' and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charles, understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

'You are waiting to take your father, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the child, while a flush of shame spread over his face.

'Well, I think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?'

'No, sir, he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come home by himself'

'Oh!' said Eustace, as he glanced toward the sleeping man and wondered if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river.

'Have you had your tea, boy?' he asked, as he unstrapped his knapsack and took out a small parcel wrapped in paper.

'Mother will be sure to keep it for me until I get home, sir,' replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

'That's all right,' said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; 'meanwhile I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time away. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I am going to make a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you.'

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the manner in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off around the edge so as to make it last as long as possible and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last currant disappeared.

'Well, was it good?' asked Eustace, as he tied his portfolio.

'Yes, mother does not put currents in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake, but then we have no seeds in it.'

'Well, I am glad you like it. Look here, do you know who this is?'

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then gave a scream of surprise.

'Why, it's me and father!'

And so it was; and even though Eustace should live to be an old man he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurried sketch, He had just caught the tired, wistful look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child and the pleasant green background of the hedge where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild rose and blackberry flowers. 'Wait a moment,' said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch those three lines from a poem of Burns:

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a trouble free us."

'There,' he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. 'You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father one of these days, do so; it may teach him a lesson.' And, before the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the high road

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again.

Still, in the midst of it all he often remembered his little sketch and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass, and on the day that he traveled down to Mortson the memory of the scene came clearly before him with the thought of the grand old words 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'

And as it happened Eustace did find it, and more quickly than he expected, for that very evening, as he returning from a walk, in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy or about thirteen.

'My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace, whose quick artist eye seldom forgot face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within a short distance of the boy.

So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright colored, old fashioned flowers.

Though the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly kept cottage, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before the right turns had been described, a bright smile broke over the boy's face, and, half turning around, he exclaimed:

'Father, it's my painter" and, to his surprise, Eustace found that in that house, at least, he was a hero; and the young artist never felt more reverence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance one day, and 'It was more than I could stand, sir,' he said, addressing Eustace. 'I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but, although I wondered where it came from, I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I couldn't get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night, until it fairly worried me so that I gave up the drink, and I had the picture hung up there that I might not have a chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once.'

So the story ended; and in his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage that he would be if he should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout his life.

'Sparrows on Toast.—The English sparrows, which have been condemned in this State to extermination, twitter as incessantly as ever, and notwithstanding the law which permits persons to kill them by wholesale, there has been no general onslaught made upon them. "It is much easier," said a scientist who has assisted in the crusade against the sparrows, "to make a law than it is to make way with the little pests There are millions and millions of them, and they multiply so fast that it will require a hard and unceasing fight to exterminate them. However, in a contest between society and the sparrow, society, backed by law, should certainly win."

The farmers, truckers and gardeners propose to make an effective fight by going at the root of the matter. They do not propose to waste powder and shot on the bird midgets, because that would be a tedious and uncertain way of ridding themselves of the pests. They propose to destroy the nests and eggs at breeding time. Cruel as this method may appear, it is said to be really the only effective one.

A popular French cook of this city who knows something about sparrows says the new law should be hailed with delight by all good livers. The sparrow, he says, is not only good to eat, but is really a great delicacy, and in France nothing enjoys greater popularity among gourmands than the sparrow when properly prepared in pot pie or fricassee or on toast. It is a secret of the American kitchen that young sparrows have not infrequently done good service in the seasons when the tender and succulent reed bird has been less plentiful than usual. A well broiled young sparrow is easily mistaken for a Delaware reed bird. All this, to the French cook's idea, is worth considering when the slaughter of the little birds really commences, if it ever does, and he thinks that if the little pests must go they may as well be put into the broiling pans of the kitchen as to be thrown away.—*Philadelphia Record.*

What an Englishman Saw at Chicago.—Of course I went to see the stock yards of Chicago. A lively piebald porker was one of a number grunting and quarreling in a pen, and I was asked to keep my eye on him. And what happened to that porker was this He was suddenly seized by a hind leg, and jerked up on a small crane. This swung him swiftly to the fatal door through which no pig ever returns On the other side stood a man—

That two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more,

and the dead pig shot across a trough and through another doorway, and then there was a splash, He had fallen head first into a vat of boiling water. Some unseen machinery passed him along swiftly to the other end of the terrible bath, and there a water-wheel picked him up and flung him out on to a sloping counter. Here another machine seized him, and with one revolution scraped him as bald as a nut. And down the counter he went losing his head as he slid past a man with a hatchet, and then, presto! he was up again by the heels. In one dreadful handful a man emptied him, and while another squirted him with fresh water, the pig—registering his own weight as he passed the teller's box—shot down the steel bar from which he hung and whisked round the corner into the icehouse. One long cut of a knife made two "sides of pork" out of that piebald pig. Two hacks of a hatchet brought away his back bone. And there, in thirty-five seconds from his last grunt, dirty, hot-headed, noisy—the pig was hanging up in two pieces, clean, tranquil, iced'—*From a Letter to the London Daily Times.*

The site for the West Point Military Academy was selected one hundred years ago this summer. General Cullum, in his address to the students, said it was selected by Washington on the very day that the Congress declared an end of hostilities. Here the northward push of the British army had been stayed, and here was the most secure place in the whole country for depositing what was left of implements of war when they were no longer needed in the field. The advice of Washington was finally acted upon.

A man walked into the *Puck* editorial rooms and wanted to know where he could find a market for first-class jokes. "Right here," said the Joke Editor. "Well, then, how will this do? There was another coronation last month besides that of the Czar, and it's still going on. I mean Turkey. It is a Koran nation."

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald*, Baltimore, Md., states: "Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculons cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoroughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

For several months it has been known that the remarkable object which has been visible on the surface of Jupiter for several years has been growing fainter, and late observers announce that it is now scarcely perceptible. The spot, which is nearly 30,000 miles long and more than 8,000 wide, has not changed materially in size, but its red color has faded until the "great red spot" has become almost indistinguishable from the surrounding parts of the planet. From its permanency of form and size it is evident that this spot cannot be a cloud floating in Jupiter's atmosphere, although it drifts like a cloud across the planet's disc. Various theories had been suggested to account for the phenomenon, but none of them appear quite satisfactory.

From a consideration of the colors named by Homer a lecturer same time ago attempted to prove that the ancients were less sensitive to color variations than modern people. Prof. Thomas R. Price has since discussed Virgil's knowledge of colors and sensibly maintains that the words used for colors indicate the poverty of ancient language in color-names, and do not necessarily bear on the state of the colar sense. The human eye is capable of finding in nature about 1,100 distinguish-colors. Virgil had names for 27 high colors and 15 more for shades due to degrees of illumination. Roget has 102 English color-names, and modern French is said to include not less than 500.

It is calculated that more than 40,000 soldiers fall victims to malaria in Italy every year, and great numbers of working people are attacked. A map prepared by the Italian Minister of War shows that of the country's provinces only six are free from malaria; and in 21 provinces its ravages are very severe.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Medicine in Ireland Dr. H. J. Smyly read a paper on a case of sudden change in the color of an infant's hair. When four months old the child was attacked with acute inflammation, followed by an abscess in the bone of the left temple, and one morning the hair on the right side of the head was discovered to have undergone a remarkable change from its original mouse-colored hue to a reddish-yellow. The right eyebrow was similarly affected, and the skin of these parts, as well as that of the right hand, had assumed a jaundice tinge. The pillow was saturated with a reddish-yellow perspiration, which Dr. Smyly was inclined to think might have caused the change in the hair by some peculiar chemical property. Dr. Banks, the president of the Academy, referred to the case of a woman who had half the lashes of one eye changed to snow white, which she attributed to the annoyance suffered from the persistent gaze of a wall-eyed admirer, who had white lashes on the defective eye. Dr Walter Smith relates the case of a boy in whom the skin of the lobes of both ears and that of the back of the neck was of a sulphur-yellow hue, the downy hair of these parts being a bright yellow and the hair of the head being brown.

As an average of observations recorded during a period of thirty-three years, Sir G. B. Airy finds the temperature of the Thames to be 51 7 degrees, and that of the air at the Royal Observatory 50.2 degrees. The difference between the air and the river temperature is two degrees during the seven months from May to November, and only seven-tenths of a degree from December to April. The river temperature reaches its highest monthly average—65.70 degrees—in July, and its lowest—39.4 degrees—in January.

The Arctic expedition under Baron Nordenskjold will try to learn something this Summer concerning Greenland's unknown interior, which is supposed—without good reason, the Baron thinks—to be deeply buried under a vast field of perpetual ice. Prof. Fries—who shares Nordenskjold's view—has offered the novel suggestion that part of Greenland should be colonized by mountain Lapps, whose nomadic habits would probably lead them to pretty thorough explorations of the surrounding territory, by which our knowledge of the region might be extended. He believes that the country would be a paradize to these people, as they would be unrestricted in their wanderings and would find abundant forage for their reindeer herds, while the cold is no more severe than in their native mountains in Lapland.

At a school in Tokio for the sons of Japanese nobles geography is taught by means of a physical map of the country between three and four hundred feet long. This model is made of turf and rock, and is bordered with pebbles, which at a little distance give the appearance of water. Every inlet river and mountain is faithfully reproduced. Telegraph wires mark the latitude and longitude, and the position of cities is indicated by tablets.

The Registrar General's annual summary for 1882 gives the number of deaths in London last year from smallpox as 431, or only 0.11 per 1,000 of the population. During the forty-five years from 1838 to 1883 a total of 47,936 deaths have occurred from this disease, the average annual death rate being 0.40 per 1,000.

A Mount Holyoke girl who was studying to be a missionary wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text book on moral science:

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

"Buchupaiba"

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

When you are looking at a picture, you give it the advantage of a good light. Be at least as courteous to your fellow creatures as you are to a picture.

He Never Was Sick.

Sing Sing, N. Y., May 24, 1881.

H. H. Warner & Co., *Sirs*—I have never had a day's sickness since your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure received me of kidney disease. John J. Murphy.

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love," and the Important Secret she Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

(*New York World.*)

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest would be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its correctness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and coutour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true Miss Granger that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season."

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the eastern and western states."

"Are you confident that your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true that I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the the same emotions the part is supposed feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or the neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterward starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

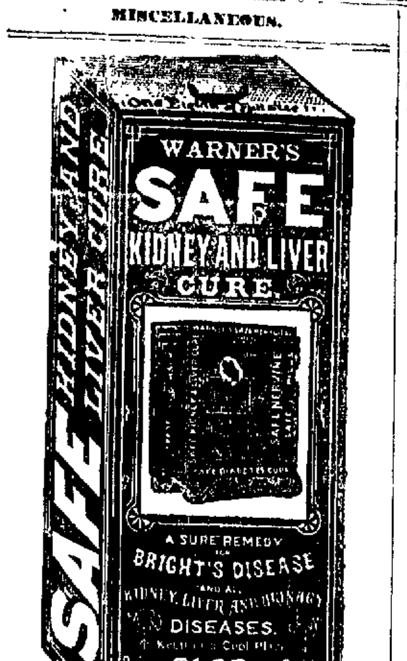
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum, or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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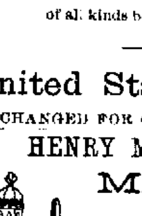

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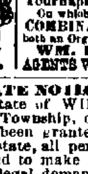

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WILLIAM B. ROGERS,
JAMES W. ROGERS,
ROBERT W. ROGERS,
J. FRANK ROGERS.
Executors of the last Will and Testament of William B. Rogers, deceased, Bristol, Pa.
Or, B. F. Gilkeson, their Attorney.

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Estate of JOHN SHERWOOD, late of Bristol township, deceased.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned upon the above estate, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to
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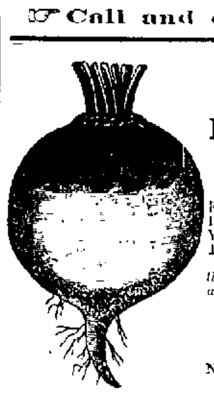

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2,000	10 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	20 00
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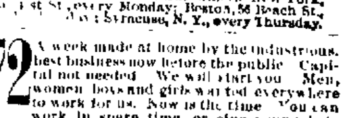

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